

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MARCH 23, 1967

a Time Inc. weekly publication

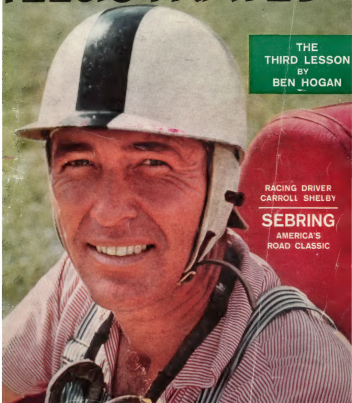
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242-244, 244-246, 246-248, 248-250, 250-252, 252-254, 254-256, 256-258, 258-260, 260-262, 262-264, 264-266, 266-268, 268-270, 270-272, 272-274, 274-276, 276-278, 278-280, 280-282, 282-284, 284-286, 286-288, 288-290, 290-292, 292-294, 294-296, 296-298, 298-300, 300-302, 302-304, 304-306, 306-308, 308-310, 310-312, 312-314, 314-316, 316-318, 318-320, 320-322, 322-324, 324-326, 326-328, 328-330, 330-332, 332-334, 334-336, 336-338, 338-340, 340-342, 342-344, 344-346, 346-348, 348-350, 350-352, 352-354, 354-356, 356-358, 358-360, 360-362, 362-364, 364-366, 366-368, 368-370, 370-372, 372-374, 374-376, 376-378, 378-380, 380-382, 382-384, 384-386, 386-388, 388-390, 390-392, 392-394, 394-396, 396-398, 398-400, 400-402, 402-404, 404-406, 406-408, 408-410, 410-412, 412-414, 414-416, 416-418, 418-420, 420-422, 422-424, 424-426, 426-428, 428-430, 430-432, 432-434, 434-436, 436-438, 438-440, 440-442, 442-444, 444-446, 446-448, 448-450, 450-452, 452-454, 454-456, 456-458, 458-460, 460-462, 462-464, 464-466, 466-468, 468-470, 470-472, 472-474, 474-476, 476-478, 478-480, 480-482, 482-484, 484-486, 486-488, 488-490, 490-492, 492-494, 494-496, 496-498, 498-500, 500-502, 502-504, 504-506, 506-508, 508-510, 510-512, 512-514, 514-516, 516-518, 518-520, 520-522, 522-524, 524-526, 526-528, 528-530, 530-532, 532-534, 534-536, 536-538, 538-540, 540-542, 542-544, 544-546, 546-548, 548-550, 550-552, 552-554, 554-556, 556-558, 558-560, 560-562, 562-564, 564-566, 566-568, 568-570, 570-572, 572-574, 574-576, 576-578, 578-580, 580-582, 582-584, 584-586, 586-588, 588-590, 590-592, 592-594, 594-596, 596-598, 598-600, 600-602, 602-604, 604-606, 606-608, 608-610, 610-612, 612-614, 614-616, 616-618, 618-620, 620-622, 622-624, 624-626, 626-628, 628-630, 630-632, 632-634, 634-636, 636-638, 638-640, 640-642, 642-644, 644-646, 646-648, 648-650, 650-652, 652-654, 654-656, 656-658, 658-660, 660-662, 662-664, 664-666, 666-668, 668-670, 670-672, 672-674, 674-676, 676-678, 678-680, 680-682, 682-684, 684-686, 686-688, 688-690, 690-692, 692-694, 694-696, 696-698, 698-700, 700-702, 702-704, 704-706, 706-708, 708-710, 710-712, 712-714, 714-716, 716-718, 718-720, 720-722, 722-724, 724-726, 726-728, 728-730, 730-732, 732-734, 734-736, 736-738, 738-740, 740-742, 742-744, 744-746, 746-748, 748-750, 750-752, 752-754, 754-756, 756-758, 758-760, 760-762, 762-764, 764-766, 766-768, 768-770, 770-772, 772-774, 774-776, 776-778, 778-780, 780-782, 782-784, 784-786, 786-788, 788-790, 790-792, 792-794, 794-796, 796-798, 798-800, 800-802, 802-804, 804-806, 806-808, 808-810, 810-812, 812-814, 814-816, 816-818, 818-820, 820-822, 822-824, 824-826, 826-828, 828-830, 830-832, 832-834, 834-836, 836-838, 838-840, 840-842, 842-844, 844-846, 846-848, 848-850, 850-852, 852-854, 854-856, 856-858, 858-860, 860-862, 862-864, 864-866, 866-868, 868-870, 870-872, 872-874, 874-876, 876-878, 878-880, 880-882, 882-884, 884-886, 886-888, 888-890, 890-892, 892-894, 894-896, 896-898, 898-900, 900-902, 902-904, 904-906, 906-908, 908-910, 910-912, 912-914, 914-916, 916-918, 918-920, 920-922, 922-924, 924-926, 926-928, 928-930, 930-932, 932-934, 934-936, 936-938, 938-940, 940-942, 942-944, 944-946, 946-948, 948-950, 950-952, 952-954, 954-956, 956-958, 958-960, 960-962, 962-964, 964-966, 966-968, 968-970, 970-972, 972-974, 974-976, 976-978, 978-980, 980-982, 982-984, 984-986, 986-988, 988-990, 990-992, 992-994, 994-996, 996-998, 998-1000, 1000-1002, 1002-1004, 1004-1006, 1006-1008, 1008-1010, 1010-1012, 1012-1014, 1014-1016, 1016-1018, 1018-1020, 1020-1022, 1022-1024, 1024-1026, 1026-1028, 1028-1030, 1030-1032, 1032-1034, 1034-1036, 1036-1038, 1038-1040, 1040-1042, 1042-1044, 1044-1046, 1046-1048, 1048-1050, 1050-1052, 1052-1054, 1054-1056, 1056-1058, 1058-1060, 1060-1062, 1062-1064, 1064-1066, 1066-1068, 1068-1070, 1070-1072, 1072-1074, 1074-1076, 1076-1078, 1078-1080, 1080-1082, 1082-1084, 1084-1086, 1086-1088, 1088-1090, 1090-1092, 1092-1094, 1094-1096, 1096-1098, 1098-1100, 1100-1102, 1102-1104, 1104-1106, 1106-1108, 1108-1110, 1110-1112, 1112-1114, 1114-1116, 1116-1118, 1118-1120, 1120-1122, 1122-1124, 1124-1126, 1126-1128, 1128-1130, 1130-1132, 1132-1134, 1134-1136, 1136-1138, 1138-1140, 1140-1142, 1142-1144, 1144-1146, 1146-1148, 1148-1150, 1150-1152, 1152-1154, 1154-1156, 1156-1158, 1158-1160, 1160-1162, 1162-1164, 1164-1166, 1166-1168, 1168-1170, 1170-1172, 1172-1174, 1174-1176, 1176-1178, 1178-1180, 1180-1182, 1182-1184, 1184-1186, 1186-1188, 1188-1190, 1190-1192, 1192-1194, 1194-1196, 1196-1198, 1198-1200, 1200-1202, 1202-1204, 1204-1206, 1206-1208, 1208-1210, 1210-1212, 1212-1214, 1214-1216, 1216-1218, 1218-1220, 1220-1222, 1222-1224, 1224-1226, 1226-1228, 1228-1230, 1230-1232, 1232-1234, 1234-1236, 1236-1238, 1238-1240, 1240-1242, 1242-1244, 1244-1246, 1246-1248, 1248-1250, 1250-1252, 1252-1254, 1254-1256, 1256-1258, 1258-1260, 1260-1262, 1262-1264, 1264-1266, 1266-1268, 1268-1270, 1270-1272, 1272-1274, 1274-1276, 1276-1278, 1278-1280, 1280-1282, 1282-1284, 1284-1286, 1286-1288, 1288-1290, 1290-1292, 1292-1294, 1294-1296, 1296-1298, 1298-1300, 1300-1302, 1302-1304, 1304-1306, 1306-1308, 1308-1310, 1310-1312, 1312-1314, 1314-1316, 1316-1318, 1318-1320, 1320-1322, 1322-1324, 1324-1326, 1326-1328, 1328-1330, 1330-1332, 1332-1334, 1334-1336, 1336-1338, 1338-1340, 1340-1342, 1342-1344, 1344-1346, 1346-1348, 1348-1350, 1350-1352, 1352-1354, 1354-1356, 1356-1358, 1358-1360, 1360-1362, 1362-1364, 1364-1366, 1366-1368, 1368-1370, 1370-1372, 1372-1374, 1374-1376, 1376-1378, 1378-1380, 1380-1382, 1382-1384, 1384-1386, 1386-1388, 1388-1390, 1390-1392, 1392-1394, 1394-1396, 1396-1398, 1398-1400, 1400-1402, 1402-1404, 1404-1406, 1406-1408, 1408-1410, 1410-1412, 1412-1414, 1414-1416, 1416-1418, 1418-1420, 1420-1422, 1422-1424, 1424-1426, 1426-1428, 1428-1430, 1430-1432, 1432-1434, 1434-1436, 1436-1438, 1438-1440, 1440-1442, 1442-1444, 1444-1446, 1446-1448, 1448-1450, 1450-1452, 1452-1454, 1454-1456, 1456-1458, 1458-1460, 1460-1462, 1462-1464, 1464-1466, 1466-1468, 1468-1470, 1470-1472, 1472-1474, 1474-1476, 1476-1478, 1478-1480, 1480-1482, 1482-1484, 1484-1486, 1486-1488, 1488-1490, 1490-1492, 1492-1494, 1494-1496, 1496-1498, 1498-1500, 1500-1502, 1502-1504, 1504-1506, 1506-1508, 1508-1510, 1510-1512, 1512-1514, 1514-1516, 1516-1518, 1518-1520, 1520-1522, 1522-1524, 1524-1526, 1526-1528, 1528-1530, 1530-1532, 1532-1534, 1534-1536, 1536-1538, 1538-1540, 1540-1542, 1542-1544, 1544-1546, 1546-1548, 1548-1550, 1550-1552, 1552-1554, 1554-1556, 1556-1558, 1558-1560, 1560-1562, 1562-1564, 1564-1566, 1566-1568, 1568-1570, 1570-1572, 1572-1574, 1574-1576, 1576-1578, 1578-1580, 1580-1582, 1582-1584, 1584-1586, 1586-1588, 1588-1590, 1590-1592, 1592-1594, 1594-1596, 1596-1598, 1598-1600, 1600-1602, 1602-1604, 1604-1606, 1606-1608, 1608-1610, 1610-1612, 1612-1614, 1614-1616, 1616-1618, 1618-1620, 1620-1622, 1622-1624, 1624-1626, 1626-1628, 1628-1630, 1630-1632, 1632-1634, 1634-1636, 1636-1638, 1638-1640, 1640-1642, 1642-1644, 1644-1646, 1646-1648, 1648-1650, 1650-1652, 1652-1654, 1654-1656, 1656-1658, 1658-1660, 1660-1662, 1662-1664, 1664-1666, 1666-1668, 1668-1670, 1670-1672, 1672-1674, 1674-1676, 1676-1678, 1678-1680, 1680-1682, 1682-1684, 1684-1686, 1686-1688, 1688-1690, 1690-1692, 1692-1694, 1694-1696, 1696-1698, 1698-1700, 1700-1702, 1702-1704, 1704-1706, 1706-1708, 1708-1710, 1710-1712, 1712-1714, 1714-1716, 1716-1718, 1718-1720, 1720-1722, 1722-1724, 1724-1726, 1726-1728, 1728-1730, 1730-1732, 1732-1734, 1734-1736, 1736-1738, 1738-1740, 1740-1742, 1742-1744, 1744-1746, 1746-1748, 1748-1750, 1750-1752, 1752-1754, 1754-1756, 1756-1758, 1758-1760, 1760-1762, 1762-1764, 1764-1766, 1766-1768, 1768-1770, 1770-1772, 1772-1774, 1774-1776, 1776-1778, 1778-1780, 1780-1782, 1782-1784, 1784-1786, 1786-1788, 1788-1790, 1790-1792, 1792-1794, 1794-1796, 1796-1798, 1798-1800, 1800-1802, 1802-1804, 1804-1806, 1806-1808, 1808-1810, 1810-1812, 1812-1814, 1814-1816, 1816-1818, 1818-1820, 1820-1822, 1822-1824, 1824-1826, 1826-1828, 1828-1830, 1830-1832, 1832-1834, 1834-1836, 1836-1838, 1838-1840, 1840-1842, 1842-1844, 1844-1846, 1846-1848, 1848-1850, 1850-1852, 1852-1854, 1854-1856, 1856-1858, 1858-1860, 1860-1862, 1862-1864, 1864-1866, 1866-1868, 1868-1870, 1870-1872, 1872-1874, 1874-1876, 1876-1878, 1878-1880, 1880-1882, 1882-1884, 1884-1886, 1886-1888, 1888-1890, 1890-1892, 1892-1894, 1894-1896, 1896-1898, 1898-1900, 1900-1902, 1902-1904, 1904-1906, 1906-1908, 1908-1910, 1910-1912, 1912-1914, 1914-1916, 1916-1918, 1918-1920, 1920-1922, 1922-1924, 1924-1926, 1926-1928, 1928-1930, 1930-1932, 1932-1934, 1934-1936, 1936-1938, 1938-1940, 1940-1942, 1942-1944, 1944-1946, 1946-1948, 1948-1950, 1950-1952, 1952-1954, 1954-1956, 1956-1958, 1958-1960, 1960-1962, 1962-1964, 1964-1966, 1966-1968, 1968-1970, 1970-1972, 1972-1974, 1974-1976, 1976-1978, 1978-1980, 1980-1982, 1982-1984, 1984-1986, 1986-1988, 1988-1990, 1990-1992, 1992-1994, 1994-1996, 1996-1998, 1998-2000, 2000-2002, 2002-2004, 2004-2006, 2006-2008, 2008-2010, 2010-2012, 2012-2014, 2014-2016, 2016-2018, 2018-2020, 2020-2022, 2022-2024, 2024-2026, 2026-2028, 2028-2030, 2030-2032, 2032-2034, 2034-2036, 2036-2038, 2038-2040, 2040-2042, 2042-2044, 2044-2046, 2046-2048, 2048-2050, 2050-2052, 2052-2054, 2054-2056, 2056-2058, 2058-2060, 2060-2062, 2062-2064, 2064-2066, 2066-2068, 2068-2070, 2070-2072, 2072-2074, 2074-2076, 2076-2078, 2078-2080, 2080-2082, 2082-2084, 2084-2086, 2086-2088, 2088-2090, 2090-2092, 2092-2094, 2094-2096, 2096-2098, 2098-2100, 2100-2102, 2102-2104, 2104-2106, 2106-2108, 2108-2110, 2110-2112, 2112-2114, 2114-2116, 2116-2118, 2118-2120, 2120-2122, 2122-2124, 2124-2126, 2126-2128, 2128-2130, 2130-2132, 2132-2134, 2134-2136, 2136-2138, 2138-2140, 2140-2142, 2142-2144, 2144-2146, 2146-2148, 2148-2150, 2150-2152, 2152-2154, 2154-2156, 2156-2158, 2158-2160, 2160-2162, 2162-2164, 2164-2166, 2166-2168, 2168-2170, 2170-2172, 2172-2174, 2174-2176, 2176-2178, 2178-2180, 2180-2182, 2182-2184, 2184-2186, 2186-2188, 2188-2190, 2190-2192, 2192-2194, 2194-2196, 2196-2198, 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COVER: CARROLL SHELBY

Photograph by Robert Heintz

Acknowledgments on page 47

The warm smile shown here is rarely absent from the face of America's foremost sports car driver, and he will be wearing those beloved overalls when the international race at Sebring starts this Saturday. For an account of an informal visit with Carroll Shelby, a charming and valiant Texas, see page 69.

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DETROIT'S SECRET WEAPON

10

The first complete account of Chevrolet's unique SS, with exclusive photographs, a PREVIEW of Saturday's Sebring race, and five pages of Sebring photographs, IN COLOR, by RICHARD MEXE

THE MAGNETIC OBSESSION

33

The enormous psychological impact of 7-foot Wilt Chamberlain continues to propel KENNEDY toward the national championship. A PREVIEW of the NCAA's first final games by TEE MACLE and JEROME TAY

BEN HOGAN'S MODERN FUNDAMENTALS OF GOLF, PART III

48

The greatest golfer of our time discusses the first part of the swing. With HERBERT WARREN WIND and drawings by ANTHONY RAYIELLI

THE GOLFING LOOK

58

The functional and striking clothes of the pros, report JO AHERN and FRED R. SMITH, are now available to all. With two pages of new golf styles IN COLOR

THE ROOKIES OF 1957

64

From Florida and Arizona, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's baseball look force selects 10 of the young men most likely to make the major leagues in 1957

CARROLL SHELBY, THE GENTLE LEADFOOT

69

America's foremost sports car driver, as KENNETH RUBEN discusses, is a charming as well as a valiant man. Here is his story, as revealed in a visit to his Texas home

• HOTBOX	5	• WONDERFUL WORLD	25	• FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR	47
• COMING EVENTS	8	• SCOREBOARD	41	• THE 19TH HOLE	34
• EVENTS & DISCOVERIES	25	• SNOW PATROL	64	• PAT ON THE BACK	36

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

BEST U.S. WRESTLER IN YEARS

That's Dan Hodge, newest pride of Oklahoma and the Man to watch in the NCAA championships. Dan Parker tells the story

THOSE CREAKY DODGERS

Their front line is still those old men who have been winning pennants in Brooklyn for 10 years, but how long can they last?

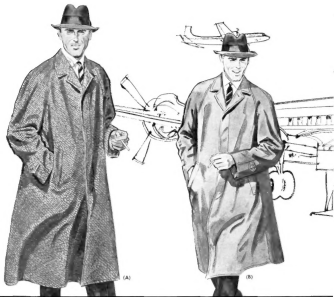
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LESSON IV OF BEN HOGAN'S MODERN FUNDAMENTALS

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Sportswear ILLUSTRATED



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

THE HUNGARIAN and Rumanian Olympic athletes and coaches who recently completed their Freedom Tour have asked me to express their appreciation to everyone who contributed to its success. Credit must really go to the entire country, and I think nothing says this better than a list, which, unfortunately, must be only partial, of the individuals, groups, clubs and firms who gave the tour their time, effort, services and financial support.

William Cook, Winter Park, Fla.
David Paul & Stanley Co., New York
Leon Sharp, Ames, Fencers League, New York
Daniel A. Petru, Napa, AAT, New York
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To all of them and to all the unnamed others, the tour ex-
tends its deepest thanks. Perhaps the tour can say simply,
"Thanks, America."

Harry Phillips

JIMMY JEMAILS

HOTBOX

The Questions

Who is the better fisherman, you or your mate? (Asked at the men's day of the Palm Beach Women's International Billfish Tournament)



MRS. LOUIS A. (GINN) FERGUSON

*Lake Forest, Ill.
and Palm Beach*



My husband. What is all this sardarby about women being better fishermen than men? Nonsense! Our husbands are grand to take us with them. Oftentimes we are in the way because the men have to cater to us. I'm sure the men don't have as much fun when their wives tag along.

MRS. JOHN (TINA) RYBOVICH JR.

Palm Beach



He is. There's no question about it. John is one of the top anglers in the world. He proved it again this season in the Cuban

Invitational Tournament at the Billfish Club. Our home is full of the trophies he has won. But, although he's nuts about fishing, I love it more than he does.

TOM SHERWOOD

*Eastern Airlines
Florida sales manager*



My wife definitely is. I usually catch a fair share of fish, but she either gets the biggest fish or the most fish. I've never seen it in

fall. The majority of the women did better than the men in this tournament, but in January. First prize went to Mrs. Helen (Honey Child) Gorson of Palm Beach.

EAR WOOD JR.

*Miami, Manufacturer
of fishing tackle*



That's tough to say. Naturally, being the man, I think I am more skillful. But she's mighty lucky and also mighty pretty. The fish seem just to fight for the privilege of biting at her line, and she has caught some pretty big ones in her time. The biggest fish she ever hooked was me.

MRS. EDWARD E. COGGROVE

La Jolla, Miss.



He is better, although some people say that I am, judging by the number and size of the fish I catch. But it seems as if I have all the luck. As an example, he took me along on a fishing jaunt to New Zealand. I can't tell you how disappointed I was for him when I caught all the fish.

MRS. PETER A. E. WIDENER

*Palm Beach
and Hialeah, Fla.*



My husband is a real fisherman, whereas I just play at it. He likes to say that I'm a better angler, but then he's just like all other husbands who love their wives. Actually, he likes fishing so much that he taught me to fish so I could go along with him and not be a fish widow.

continued

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HOTBOX

continued

ROBERT BOONHOWER

Mountaintop, N.Y.
Retired



She is, and I'm not just being gallant about it. But don't take my word for it. That's also the opinion of Kip Farrington, who twice has written about her. In his opinion, Mrs. Boonhower is the finest surf master on the Atlantic Coast. That's taking in a lot of territory.

MRS. ROBERT C. H. MATTHEWS

Needle



Frankly, I am, if you want me to be honest. My husband is a golfer. I fish. We have a perfect understanding and don't get in each other's way. In this way, I've avoided becoming a golf widow. I can recommend such separation of interests to all wives whose husbands are crazy about golf.

RICHARD S. BEINECKE

Palm Beach, South-
eastern state manager,
Sherry-Hofstetter Co.



My wife. She has more time to fish and she can go out every day. An occasional Saturday or Sunday is the best I can manage. Look how happy she is. She caught three sailfish, and she is one of the prize winners for the day. I hooked a dolphin and won nothing.

NEXT WEEK:

What was your closest call?

*(Asked of explorers
and adventurers)*

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COMING EVENTS

March 22 through March 31

FRIDAY, MARCH 22

Baseball

NCAA Championships, Omaha and Omaha, Omaha City, Mo. (through March 23).

Sailing

Nease-Vander Sloop Sailing Race, Nease.

Soft Show

American & Canadian Sportsman's Vacation & Boat Show, Cleveland (through March 23).
Southern Sports, Boat & Vacation Show, Jacksonville (through March 23).

Swimming

Wiggett Berlin vs. Canada Girls, (freestyle) elimination final (17-18), Red Sp. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).

Figure Skating

National Collegiate Championships, Belmont (through March 23).

Golf

National Golf Show, New York (through March 30).

Gymnastics

National Collegiate Gymnastics Championships, Annapolis, Md. (through March 23).

Shooting

Kingfisher Gun Club Trapshoot, Kingfisher, Calif. (through March 24).

Track & Field

Cleveland 8 of 8 Meet, Cleveland.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23

Auto Racing

Turkey International 12-Hour Grand Prix Endurance Race, Sebring, Fla. (8:00 p.m. through March 24).

Baseball

Reds Invitational, Cincinnati (through March 24).

Baseball

Orlando International Bobby Baseball Championship, Orlando, Fla. (College basketball).

Baseball

National Invitation Tournament, Red game, Red Sp. Garden, New York, 7 p.m. (NBC).

Baseball

National Baseball Association playoffs, teams and cities to be determined, 7:30 p.m. (NBC).

Baseball

National Collegiate Billiard Tournament (Snook), Iowa City, Iowa.

Baseball

Manassas Beach Open, \$1,500, Manassas Beach, Fla. (through March 24).

Baseball

Boston vs. New York, Boston, Montreal vs. Chicago, Montreal, Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto.

Baseball

Colts Beach Park, \$200,000, 3-yr-olds & up, 10 a.m., Gulfstream Park, Fla. (4:45 p.m. (NBC)).

Baseball

Harmon Cup, San Valley, Idaho (through March 24).
Western Kentucky State Union, Western Valley, N.Y. (through March 24).

Baseball

For Madison, Knoxville vs. Georgia, Louisville.

Baseball

Track & Field
Canadian Indoor Championships, Hamilton, Ont.
Invitational Indoor Meet, Boulder, Colo.
Olympic Trials, Denver, Texas.

SUNDAY, MARCH 24

Baseball

Denver Double Header, Kansas City.

Baseball

Detroit vs. Toronto, Detroit.
New York vs. Chicago, Red Sp. Garden, New York, Calif.

Baseball

National Championships, Green-Country Race, Glendale, Calif.

Baseball

National Junior & Women's Championships (final day), Reno, Nev. (England Handicap Golf Tournament, Cannon Mt., N.C.).

MONDAY, MARCH 25

Baseball

Orlando Invitational, Orlando (through March 25).
Cavalier Tournament, National ARJ Tournament, Denver (through March 25).

Baseball

Angelo DeFendis vs. Tom Donnell, light heavyweight (171-183), St. Paul's, New York, 10:30 p.m. (NBC).

Baseball

Nease Sloop Invitational, Nease Sloop, Fla. (through March 23).

TUESDAY, MARCH 26

Baseball

Stacy Cup playoffs, teams and cities to be determined.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27

Baseball

Johnny Gant vs. Willie Vagler, middleweights (150-161), Kansas City, Mo., 10 p.m. (NBC).

Baseball

Colt U.S. Men's National Championships, Chicago (through March 30).

THURSDAY, MARCH 28

Baseball

Ames Open Invitational, \$12,500, Wilmington, N.C. (through March 30).

Baseball

Stanley Cup playoffs, teams and cities to be determined.

Baseball

NCAA indoor championships, Chapel Hill, N.C. (through March 30).

FRIDAY, MARCH 29

Baseball

South Atlantic Open, Tournament, Atlanta (through March 31).

Baseball

Tommy Light vs. Ed Turner, welterweights (128-131), Red Sp. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).

Baseball

NCAA Golf, Baseball & Jumping Championships, Snow Basin, Utah, Utah (through March 30).

Baseball

Grand National Steeplechase, Aintree, England.

Baseball

NCAA Championships, Pittsburgh (through March 30).

SATURDAY, MARCH 30

Baseball

U.S. National Junior Championships, Wilmington, Del. (through April 2).

Baseball

World Triple (All-Star Game, Red Sp. Garden, New York, 7:30 p.m. (NBC)).

Baseball

National Baseball Association playoffs, teams and cities to be determined, 7:30 p.m. (NBC).

Baseball

Red Sp. Garden Sailing Cup Series, Annapolis, Md. (through March 31).

Baseball

2nd Annual Boat and Sport Show, Sarasota, Fla. (through March 31).

Baseball

For Madison, Knoxville vs. Georgia, Louisville.

Baseball

Ames Open Invitational, Ames Polo Club, Columbia, S.C.

Baseball

John Gant vs. Tito, Baltimore.

Baseball

Stanley Cup playoffs, teams and cities to be determined.

SUNDAY, MARCH 31

Baseball

Orlando Invitational, Orlando, Fla. (through March 25).

Baseball

Ames Open Invitational, Ames Polo Club, Columbia, S.C.

Baseball

Ames Open Invitational, Ames Polo Club, Columbia, S.C.

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SPALDING SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

DETROIT'S SECRET

Chevrolet makes history with a daring new car—the Motor City's first racer. It

A SECRET CAR, known to a handful of General Motors employees as XP64 and to the inner circle at Chevrolet as "the bug," emerged last week from behind the orange doors of a large, hectic room in Chevrolet's plushy new Engineering Center. Outsides with an ear to the ground had been expecting an all-out racing sports car, but vital details were missing. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** here presents—along with exclusive photographs—the first full story of the Corvette SS.

The electrifying reality is that the SS (for Super Sport) is the first true racing car to come from Detroit—an epic surprise thrust by Chevrolet at the eleventh hour for this Saturday's world championship sports car race at Sebring, Florida. With only a week to go, the company was dickering with World Champion Driver Juan Manuel Fangio to take the wheel.

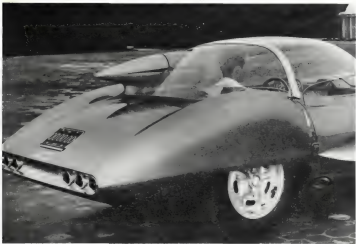
Introduced as a research laboratory on wheels, Chevrolet's trail breaker is a stripped sports racer, not a touring-

ing combination. Potentially it is the peer of the world's finest and fastest machines of this kind. It is essentially a straightforward car which nevertheless explores new engineering principles. Its great singularity, however, lies not in its machinery but in the fact that nothing remotely like it has come from the U.S. automobile industry since its reorganization from a cluster of individualistic enterprises into a few corporate giants which have made the word Detroit mean the mass production of American passenger cars.

Having come of age last year, the Florida International 12-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance (to give the Sebring race its proper title) is taking another giant step. By far the most significant sports car race in North America, it gives U.S. stay-at-homes their only opportunity to see the renowned drivers and cars which play to an enormous following in Europe; it gains immeasurable new stature from the advent of the SS.

When Chevrolet unveiled a production Corvette with

AERODYNAMICALLY SHAPED TO OFFER LOW WIND RESISTANCE. THE CORVETTE SS IS LIGHT, POWERFUL AND TRACHTABLE. BODY IS MAGNESIUM



WEAPON

meets the world's best at Sebring

promise of racing success last year, that was considered astonishing enough by those who had commenced to believe Detroit would continue to downgrade sports cars. The promise was fulfilled handsomely enough for Corvette to win many Sports Car Club of America races—and this, in turn, undoubtedly figured in Jaguar's decision to produce a potent new production version of its all-out D-type, also named, like some fine prewar Jaguars, the SS.

Now comes Chevrolet with a car nearly 1,000 pounds lighter than the production Corvette, more powerful and more tractable. The aerodynamic body is of lightweight magnesium alloy; light, strong metals are utilized where applicable. Possibly remembering the abortive comeback of France's famed Bugatti last year, Chevrolet is being sensibly cautious about the car and is prophesying no miracle at Sebring. The Bugatti, as you may recall, made a disappointing showing for 18 laps in the 1956 French

continued

ALLOY. THE PLASTIC BUBBLE CANOPY WILL BE OFF DURING THE RACE



THE SEBRING ENTRIES

NO.	CAR	DRIVER, CO-DRIVER	CC.
1	Corvette SS	Fitch, —	4,638
2	Corvette (prod.)	Duncan, Kilborn	4,638
3	Corvette (mod.)	O'Shea, Lively	4,638
4	Corvette (prod.)	Thompson, Andrey	4,438
5	Jaguar	Rutherford, Bush	3,800
6	Jaguar	Cunningham, Lloyd	3,800
7	Jaguar	Hartson, Bow	3,580
8	D Jaguar	Emley, O'Connor	3,442
9	D Jaguar	Mesa, Erickson	3,442
10	D Jaguar	Wood, Woodward	3,442
11	Ferrari	De Portago, Trintignant	3,422
12	Ferrari	Collins, Van Trips	3,422
13	Ferrari	Musso, Perbore	3,422
14	Ferrari	Hill, Hively	3,422
15	Ferrari	Gendebien, Grosjean	2,906
17	Mercedes (200SL)	Flynn, Hagan	2,996
18	Mercedes (200SL)	Wardridge, Reed	2,996
19	Maserati	Fangio, Moss	4,477
20	Maserati	Holzer, Meindig	2,991
21	Maserati	Shelf, Shelf	2,190
22	Maserati	Schubert, —	2,991
23	Austin-Healey	Biles, Bentley	2,880
24	Austin-Healey	Jarvis-Moore, Forbes-Robinson	2,680
25	Austin-Healey	Gietzen, Caserio	2,680
26	Maserati	Kimberly, Daynton	1,991
27	Maserati	Revettson, Pollack	1,991
28	Ferrari	Gregory, Bero	1,996
29	Ferrari	Landon, Haves	1,996
30	Ferrari	Rubinska, Helforn	1,996
31	Ferrari	De Vries, Arents Jr.	1,996
32	Morgan	Grier, Kennedy	1,590
33	Triumph	Drake, Richardson	1,590
34	Triumph	Ober, John	1,590
35	AC	Drumel, Cullen	1,971
36	AC	Fernandez, Droubets	1,971
37	Arnold-Bridel	Arnold, Goldich	1,997
38	Arnold-Bridel	Weitz, Gary	1,997
39	Arnold-Bridel	Hallinger, Petersen	1,997
40	Porsche	Hermann, McAllen	1,498
41	Porsche	Lange, Johan	1,498
42	Porsche	Scott, Bott	1,498
43	Porsche	Crawford, Stewart	1,498
44	Porsche	Barker, Wallace	1,498
45	Porsche	Kusile, Miles	1,498
46	Maserati	Barns, Ruby	1,498
47	OSCA	Linton, Beck	1,497
48	MG	Miller, Leavess	1,496
49	MG	Spiller, Kincheloe	1,496
50	MG	Ash, Khirman	1,496
51	MG	Oaken, Quen	1,290
52	Alfa Romeo	Aldhouse, Brunby	1,290
53	Alfa Romeo	Kendall, Curtis	1,290
54	Alfa Romeo	Hainville, Kaplan	1,290
55	Nissan-Gibson	Reber, Hays	1,088
56	Cooper	Hallack, Goldman	1,038
57	Lotus	Chapman, Sheppard	1,099
58	Lotus	Chamberlain	1,099
59	Lotus	Morris, Pedreira	1,099
60	Lotus	Schwartz, Narwood	1,099
61	DB	Starr, Ford	845
62	Renault	Milby, Foulger	845
63	Renault	Thirion, Perrier	845
64	Renault	Frere, Lurie	845
65	OSCA	De Tonnay, De Tonnay	748
748	Lotus	Wyllie, Moran	1,496



THE SS ABUILDING. From Maybach through a full-scale roadtest (1) to the finished car (page 10), the SS was painstakingly handbuilt. The curved member at (1) is the De Dion tube from



which rear axle, an independent transverse link carries the wheel. The vacuum-assisted valve (2) controls the rods. Non-parallel control arms (3), a significant innovation, position front

DETROIT'S SECRET WEAPON

continued

Grand Prix and then retired, never to appear again, despite Bugatti's famously successful prewar racing history and wealth of racing engineering experience.

Chevrolet has had no such experience, and Sebring, moreover, is a brutally starting course—part airport runway and part asphalt road—which is a great destroyer of cars. Says Zora Arkus-Duntov, the expatriate Russian engineer who developed the SS for Chevrolet: "We will need enough luck to overthrow the government of Russia and feed all the hungry Chinese. There isn't that much luck in the world."

The grapevine says, however, that initial tests by Driver John Fitch on the course itself have exceeded expectations, especially in the vital matter of handling qualities.

Given certain reservations about Detroit's cloudy future in racing, the SS, even though unproved, remains a lustrious accomplishment. It has been only five years since General Motors Styling produced the first plastic Corvette body shell and asked Chevrolet Engineering to put something inside it; only five months since the SS began to incubate on the drafting board; only a week since the test baby was assembled in final form, with the briefest of practice periods available before race time. There was no hand-book by Dr. Speck, with all the answers, to consult during the lingers. No one really was certain that all the bugs would be chased, expunged by 10 a.m. Saturday. There was even a chance, early this week, that the car might not race at all if its preparers felt it could not perform adequately in so short a time. Whatever develops, the SS is a car of fundamental importance and a much-needed shocker to shake U.S. motor racing from the doldrums of isolation and seclusion; regardless of the positive engineering advances which may well accrue to Chevrolet.

Here's what can be said:

1) There is a three-dimensional trans-type space frame of mild-steel-tube-runs-in-molded-steel-tubing weighing more than 200 pounds for high rigidity, reinforcement of the best Alcoa's Best practice.

2) Rear suspension is by a De Dion tube (conventional European practice) positioned by a revolutionary arrange-

ment of four ball-jointed radius rods. Two unitized coil spring shock absorber assemblies, but no transverse leaf spring, connect to the De Dion arrangement, as utilized on the SS.

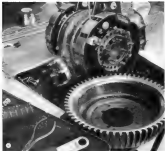
3) The drum-type rear brakes of cast iron with lined aluminum snuffs are subcard, alongside the differential housing, which is bolted to the frame. As a whole, the rear assembly has three inertia load transfer from one wheel to the other overpowered out, stopping weight is less, all rear axle control members are relieved of driving and braking strain and road adhesion is considered excellent.

4) Independent front suspension is by nonparallel control arms, linked by coil springs with interior shock absorbers. The nonparallel technique has been experimented with before; Chevrolet believes it has achieved its inherent advantages in cornering stability and at the same time the positive control which has been elusive in this system in the past.

5) The engine, which develops approximately 315 hp at perhaps 6,200 rpm, is based on the standard 283-cubic-inch (4.6 liter) Corvette V-8 block, with a single racing camshaft and pistons. Aluminum cylinder heads have been designed for higher performance; fuel injection is into the intake ports, as in the standard motor. The oil pan, too, is of magnesium. Individual exhaust pipes increase horsepower by providing an extractive effect, and engine breathing is considered as good as that the compression ratio may be lowered to 9:1, with a resultant safeguard against detonation. No official top speed has been predicted, but 160 mph have been whispered that 190 mph is not improbable under ideal conditions. For Sebring the car will not be geared for ultimate speed, rather for a balance between speed and acceleration. It will have the excellent torque characteristic of its production stablemates, an invaluable asset for dig out of Sebring's tight turns.

6) The four-speed synchronized gearbox with hand shift has three ratios: 1st—1.87 to 1; 2nd—1.54 to 1; 3rd—1.22 to 1; 4th—direct.

7) Light materials are used where feasible. Standard engine weight has been reduced by 75 pounds; the magnesium body replaces Corvette's conventional plastic body; the 43-gallon fuel tank is of plastic; the wheels are magnesium; the clutch assembly bell housing, aluminum.



wheel. The flywheel is an aluminum, flangeless centrifugal, which is bolted to the highly rigid tubular pipe-frame by the brackets shown. Factory aluminum brace frame on lower right.

Overall dry weight is 1,500 pounds, compared with 2,500 for the stock Corvette.

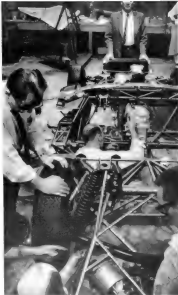
8) The radiator system (there is no fan) is an advanced type sometimes seen on speed record cars. Cooling air is taken through an aluminum radiator, which circulates engine oil as well as the coolant, and is deflected upward through louvers in the hood. The rearward rush of outside air over the hood creates a vacuum effect; air is sucked through the radiator at a higher than normal rate, with consequent cooling benefits. Cooling air is also deflected directly onto the brakes.

9) Wheelbase is 92 inches, 10 inches less than the production Corvette, but over-all length remains the same, 106 inches. A roll bar is extended in the tubed tray headrest. The plastic bubble shown on page 19 will not be used during the race; it was fitted to conform with Nürburgring rules on touring equipment. The only visible points of resemblance between the SS and the production models are the grille and the design on the side panels.

10) Brakes are power-assisted, a novelty for a car of this function.

Yes, then, is the car and, if there are names to remember, they are two: Edward N. Cole and Zora Arkus-Duntov. Cole, Chevrolet general manager, called the signals, and Duntov carried the ball. An energetic and enthusiastic man, Cole began his automotive apprenticeship in a Cadillac laboratory in 1930. As Cadillac's chief engineer in 1949, he designed the industry's first high-compression V-8 engine. Chevrolet tapped him as chief engineer, and he designed the V-8 which helped win back a working sales margin over Ford in 1955 after a very close 1954 race. Last year, at 46, he became boss at Chevrolet. No tyro at "shopping" for body designs at GM Styling, Cole is nonetheless regarded primarily as a "performance" man, and his knack for getting the most out of an engine may be of immense value to Chevrolet this year as Ford and Plymouth capitalize heavily on radical body restyling while Chevrolet must make do with what the industry calls a face-lift. The SS, as a prestige performance package, could hardly have been unveiled at a more propitious time.

Cole leaves one area of Chevrolet's aspirations for the SS to speculation—the scope of its racing program—which is nothing if not prudent in the somewhat jittery atmos-



SATISFIED DESIGNER DUNTOV OVERSEES FINAL ASSEMBLY IN DETROIT

phere occasioned in Detroit when one talks of racing right out loud. The primary goal is engineering research, but it would not be wrong to assume that patristic hearts would beat faster if the SS showed its virtues to Europe's best one fine day.

"Testing under the most severe operating conditions," says Cole, "gives the engineers a chance to study the performance and safety characteristics of new developments and features which have been built into this vehicle."

"That is the principle behind the development of the SS. It is a study of new ideas to determine whether they might eventually be refined and offered as regular passenger cars. Instead of substituting these features in test cars on a piecemeal basis, we hand-built a car around them that will provide concentrated results."

"Testing over rough race courses will serve to quickly furnish comparative engineering data that under ordinary circumstances would require long periods of research."

Ed Cole's estimate of the situation differs only in detail from that of an astute observer of racing, John Wyer, who has summed up a lifetime of experience in his recent book, *Motor Racing Management* (The Bodley Head, London). Wyer, the former team manager of Britain's Aston Martin sports car program, is one of the few frank devotees

continued



DETROIT'S SECRET WEAPON

continued

of racing who admit that racing experience does not, in fact, have as much to do with subsequent passenger cars on a point-for-point basis as is usually claimed, and he says, in effect, "So what?"

"Designers are," Wyer writes, "above all, creative artists. They are, very often, an irritating and contrary race, surprisingly and inexplicably blind to what appears, to the

commercial mind, to be the starkest realities of the situation. But, however infuriating they may be, and frequently are, they do possess this almost sublime quality of being able to create, and it is a quality which must be allowed freedom if it is to find its highest expression.

"Designers can, no doubt, and particularly if we pay them enough, be made to obey faithfully the dictates of the sales and production departments even when they know them to be divorced from sound engineering principles. But a designer who is compelled to work to rule will lose the



spark of originality . . . and he will, in time, lose the power to create. . . .

"I suggest [that] the manufacturer who engages in racing, by virtue of the mental stimulus which he will give to his technicians, by virtue of the profound research which all racing demands, and by virtue of a general raising of standards of engineering which must result, will, often almost in spite of the united efforts of his own sales, commercial and production departments, produce a better car than

(but continued on page 23)

Dusk at Sebring, the critical time of half-light, when drivers must adjust to darkness, is frozen here in a photograph by Richard Meek, who also recorded in color some other episodes from last year's race shown on the next three pages



A gray Flying Boxcar, weatherworn reminder of Sebring's military past, looms over Stirling Moss's Aston Martin as he pursues a Maserati





The great Juan Manuel Fangio (right) and Co-driver Eugenio Castellotti meet the press after their 1956 Sebring victory

DETROIT'S SECRET WEAPON

Continued from page 13

the manufacturer who has never raced at all. . . . Racing improves the breed of production cars without necessarily having to produce its own likeness in every little production car which scurries off the end of the assembly line."

To which might be added that Cole has given Dantov this kind of freedom and Dantov has produced a potentially superior car.

At 47, Dantov is a silver-haired, courtly man with the somewhat dubious distinction of having sworn with Nicolai Bulgarev one summer near Yalta as a schoolboy. He made the tiny quota for bourgeois students at a technical school in Leningrad, and eventually slipped out of the U.S.S.R. after being held loosely as a hostage for his parents, who had preceded him. With a recent engineering diploma from the distinguished Charlotenburg Institute in Berlin in hand, he became an apprentice engineer and soon designed a minor part for a generator.

"It was an insignificant thing," he says, "but it was my greatest creative joy. Everything since has been weaker."

Dantov dabbled in motorcycles and middle-distance running in Germany, moved on to France and thence to the U.S. Europe was to see him again, however, most vividly at the Le Mans races of 1954 and 1955, in both of which he co-drove the class-winning 1,100-cc. Porsches. His Arden cylinder heads (for Arden-Dantov) which transformed poky stock engines into fire-eaters earned a lasting place in racing.

It was this varied and useful background that Dantov brought to Chevrolet. It has, obviously, not been wasted.

Following current Detroit practice, Chevrolet has entered the SS at Sebring in the name of Lindsay Hopkins, a successful Indianapolis "500" car owner.

Sebring has not only the SS but a bagful of other attractions. It provides the second act in what bids to be the most gripping sports car duel in years—Maserati vs. Ferrari.

The 1955 champion, Ferrari, won the first round toward the 1957 manufacturers' title in Argentina, but Maserati has developed swiftly and may field the two finest drivers in the world—Argentina's Fangio (if he hasn't decided for the SS) and Britain's Stirling Moss. Maserati, too, will be

making another effort with its new and powerful 1.5-liter car, which is tentatively to be driven by Fangio and Moss. Juan Beltra, the plucky one-carol French driver, and the Argentine 10-goal polo star Carlos Mendigoy, may share one of Maserati's brand-and-butter three-liter machines. Texas' Carroll Shelby, who smiles from this week's cover (and talks about himself in a story on page 69), and the American expatriate Harry Schell, who lives in Paris, are to co-drive an experimental 2.5-liter Maserati.

Enzo Ferrari, meanwhile, has not been sitting on his hands. For the three works cars of the 1955 Mille Miglia type (SE, Dec. 24) he has three accomplished drivers: blond Peter Collins of Britain, Germany's young Count Berghs van Trips, Luigi Musso and Cesare Piretti from Italy, and the Spanish hotspur, the Marquis de Portago. The sixth driver would have been Eugenio Castellotti (see box), who was killed last week in Italy. He may be replaced by the French winegrower, Maurice Trintignant. Two of the Vol 2, 1.5-liter Ferraris will have four overhead camshafts, instead of last year's twin-cam system, to provide more positive valve control at high engine speeds.

Besides Ferrari and Maserati the only other logical contender for the over-all victory is Jaguar. New for Sebring is a 3,800-cc. engine developing 300 hp, basically a larger version of the standard Jaguar 1,445-cc. six-cylinder racing engine, with redesigned combustion chambers and larger valves. Since Jaguar has retired from racing as a firm, three cars are being entered by the North American distributor, Sportsman Briggs Cunningham, who will co-drive one of them. Jaguar's hottest prospect is the D-type, to be driven by Mike Hawthorn and Ivor Bueb of Britain, the team which won the 1955 Le Mans in a similar car.

A MATTER OF STRATEGY

It should be noted that team managers may juggle their drivers at the last minute if they please. The driver nominated as No. 1 is firmly attached to a specific car, but the second drivers may be shifted on paper at will until they actually take the wheel of a car. Then they are committed.

If the heavyweights fail—not an impossibility on the tortuous Sebring layout—the terrier will have their day. Not to be discounted are the two-liter Maserati and Ferrari and the 1.5-liter Porsche. The basic goal for the smaller cars, however, is a class victory or over-all win on the index of performance—an arbitrary method of judging which car best measured up to its potential, regardless of engine size.

Besides its other superlatives, Sebring constitutes the longest race in the U.S. and the world's most severe test of brakes.

The thoroughgoing fan who for weeks has wallowed in pre-Sebring rumors now has the delectable time of fulfillment at hand. The same amount of time that another man devotes to breakfasting and shaving, putting in a full day's work, dining, dandling the children and catching the Ed Murrow newscast, the fan will be spending on the Sebring grounds—from the moment the starting flag dips at 10 a.m. Saturday and the drivers sprint across the pavement toward the 65 cars, to the moment in darkness, 12 hours later, when the winner receives the checkered flag. If this dedicated enthusiast is not exhausted, the next day he will be able to go right back and watch a three-hour race for the overflow of applicants who missed the main event.

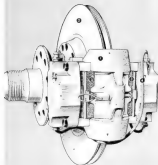
The most extensive radio coverage so far will include live broadcasts by Walter Cronkite and Arthur Peck over CBS from 10:20 to 10:25 a.m., 1:05 to 1:10, 3:45 to 3:50 a'clock

DEATH OF 'IL BELLO'

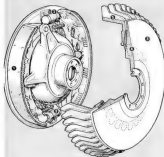
As a boy he labored in farm fields near Milan. At 20 he suddenly inherited great wealth and commenced a sillon life, surrounded with a Rolls-Royce and fashionable bars. When stars Enzo Ferrari and him falling in the Rolls one day, haughtily waiting for the chauffeur to open the door, Ferrari barked, "Come out of your stupor. Wake up and do something." Eugenio Castellotti (see opposite page) did something, in Ferrari races, with such fury that in six years he broke both his legs and an arm in racing accidents, but he also became the Italian champion. He shared the winning Ferrari at Sebring last year with Fangio, but his supreme victory was in last season's Mille Miglia. Overwhelmed by his good looks, Italian women shouted "Il Bello" in Castellotti all along the 1,300 miles of open road (SE, May 7, 1954). Last week, at 28, taking time out from Sebring preparations to test a Grand Prix Ferrari, Castellotti missed a vital downhill, veered off the course at Medema, Italy and crashed into a wall. He died at once.

Continued

continued



JAGUAR DISC BRAKE by Duxon has caliper assembly (1) bracketing disc (2) which rotates with road wheel. Two friction pads (3) clamp the disc by hydraulic flow (4); pressure in braking.



MASERATI DRUM BRAKE incorporates special lining (1) on shoes, opposed cylinders (2) to operate the shoes, a hinetable drum (3) and passages (4) for bleeding hot air past drum face (5).

and 10:05 to 10:30 p.m. on race day. There will be CBS bulletins on the hour.

As a searching test of brakes Sebring is so rugged that this factor tends to override other considerations, especially for the larger cars which have the greatest weight to retard at the corners. Ferrari and Maserati have modified their drum brakes; the Jaguars will have new discs by Dunlop. Sebring, thus, will write another chapter in a lively engineering argument—drums vs. discs—the drum brakes having seen long service on family cars as well as racing cars, the more recent discs having been derived from airplanes. (For a graphic look at the latest drum and disc brakes, see drawings, left.)

But let Vittorio Bellestani, Ferrari racing engineer, take the stand:

"Ninety per cent of success at Sebring depends on brakes—specifically on the continuance of braking power despite heat-producing braking efforts. Le Mans and Monza may be equally severe for hard braking but nowhere except at Sebring is there such a succession of bends which allow the brakes almost no cooling time between one application and the next.

"The problem is not to provide exceptionally powerful brakes, but brakes whose cooling system is such that their power does not diminish through fading."

Well aware that Ferrari's 1956 Sebring victory was won in no small measure because of the lack of competition toward the end, Bellestani concedes, "There was no adversary who could molest us at the finish when our braking power had become immensely limited." Both Maserati and Ferrari have facilitated brake cooling. Instead of fixed shoes pressing against a rotating drum the Jaguars employ steel discs which turn with the wheels and are squeezed by a pair of pads when the brake pedal is depressed. The pads are mounted inside a so-called "caliper," which is fixed in place to bracket part of the disc without retarding its motion until the pads are activated.

It is the terrible strain on brakes (not to mention gearboxes) which gives the highly developed smaller cars a glimmer of hope for the over-all prize. Porsche, for example, with a weight of only 1,166 pounds in its all-out Spyder model, maintains that a recent test in which the brakes were used to decelerate from 120 mph to 30 mph as quickly as possible, 320 times in rapid succession, wore only .04 inch from the brake lining (of secret composition) and caused neither excessive heat nor significant fade.

Important as brakes, foreign cars and drivers are, they must yield center stage to the SS. It is tempting, indeed, to herald the SS as the first concrete symbol of a bold new day for American motor sports and indulge the notion that some time, in the not too distant future, more of the Detroit titans might get their feet wet, too. It could happen. Yet history says the largest manufacturers, with the shining exception of Mercedes-Benz, avoid the bay bales. On the other hand, Detroit, more and more openly, is supporting a large-scale program of stock car racing, and it is precisely this which has lifted stock cars to a major sports level. Le Mans has announced that three Corvettes and two Ford Thunderbirds will compete in the 24-hours. Chevrolet disclaims any such entry—but make no bets that the SS will not be there, if it proves to be a sound racer.

In any event there will be a bold new Sebring this Saturday; one to encourage hopes that future U.S. racing will be as exhilarating.

—KENNETH RUDEN

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

TWO STRIKES ON STAN THE MAN • CONSEQUENCES OF NOT
SHOOTING ALBATROSSES • THE SWEET TASTE OF TREE BARK
AND FREEDOM • POLO FOR KIDS • A FAST, SHORT MILE

THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED

THINGS get a little topsy-turvy now and then in spring training baseball games. Pitchers named Grpstk strike out batters named Mantle, and batters named Schmbddl hit home runs off pitchers named Magle. It really doesn't matter, since Mantle and Magle are merely working themselves into playing condition and since Grpstk and Schmbddl will have to produce a good deal more than one strikeout or one home run to prove to their bosses that they deserve a place on the major league roster.

Occasionally, though, the mock battles between unknown rookie and established star becomes brilliantly real, if only for an electric moment or two, and then, as they say, class will tell. Rookie Pitcher Mark Freeman of the New York Yankees, a big, rangy right-hander with high hopes for the future, was pitching against Stan Musial, the marvelous St. Louis Cardinal hitter, who includes among his most valuable assets burning competitive fire and considerable pride. Young Freeman threw a good fast ball, and Musial swung hard and missed cleanly. The crowd stirred. You don't see Musial actually swing and miss very often.

Freeman threw again, a similar pitch, and again Musial swung hard and missed. The reaction was stronger now: two swinging strikes on Musial! In the Cardinals' dugout the players sitting along the bench were more amused than distressed, since it is axiomatic in the National League that it doesn't do to get two strikes on Musial, because that's when he's most dangerous: when his pride and competitive fire are stirred to action.

"You got two strikes on him," old Walker Cooper yelled out to Freeman.

"What in the world are you going to do now?"

Freeman pawed the mound, set himself and threw a waste pitch for ball one. The Cardinals on the bench watched him, an almost evil amusement in their eyes. Suddenly it seemed apparent that the hunter, Freeman, was now the hunted, and with no place to hide. Too smart to try another fast ball, the young pitcher tried a change-up curve, a half-speed pitch designed to throw Musial's timing off. Against a weaker batter it could have been a most effective maneuver. But Musial, uncoiling his remarkably lithe body, whipped his bat around and sent the ball far over the right-field fence for a home run. The crowd roared its appreciation, and the Cardinal bench glowed with pride.

On the mound young Mark Freeman turned away and punched his glove in anger and disappointment.

Old Cooper was still watching him.

"Don't you fret," he called out comfortingly. "An \$8,000 pitcher isn't supposed to strike out an \$80,000 hitter."

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

THE LAYMAN ALBATROSS—better known as the goosney bird—began using Midway Island as a nesting site long before the U.S. Navy planes began using it for the same purpose. The goosney has remained completely unperturbed by the metal interlopers; goosnies, in fact, will perform their mating dance—a sort of rock 'n' roll in which the dancers alternately clack their long, ugly beaks and bob their heads beneath their wings—in the very path of an oncoming airplane. The Navy, however, grows more exasperated with the goosnies—which average six or seven pounds, have five-foot

continued

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Off-Season Hustle

Federal agents are looking into what appears to be a hustling business in football, basketball and baseball pay-off rackets at a large Midwest industrial plant. At least one of the lottery hustlers, it has been verified under oath, is a major league baseball player who works in the plant in the off-season.

• Three for the Money

With Trainer Jimmy Jones planning to run Gen. Duke, Iron Liege and Barbizon in the Florida Derby next week, colt-rich Calumet Farm has a mathematical chance to finish 1-2-3 in the last big race of the Florida season. Don't count on such a finish, however: Wheatley Stable and Suncy Jim Finimans are sending Bold Ruler too.

• 'Need' is the Big Ten

Rumors and grumblings still come from some quarters of the Big Ten, where the "aid according to need" policy for football scholarships recently won a split decision (SI, March 4). Latest claim is that of Coach Forest Evashevski of Iowa, who fears competition from nearby Big Seven schools. Cracked Evashevski: "Maybe we ought to send the next train to the Rose Bowl on the basis of need."

• On Deck: Bill Voock

Bill Voock is edging back into major league baseball again on behalf of the Cleveland Indians—by setting up a public-relations firm with the Indians as the key account. Alarmed by a drop in attendance, Cleveland has turned back to the man whose touch was magic at the box office 10 years ago.

continued

wingspreads and could cause horrendous consequences if sucked into the intake of a jet airplane—with every passing month.

Unlike the Japanese, who cleaned millions of geese from their Pacific Islands in the 1930s by the simple process of slaughtering them, the Navy is reluctant to take violent action against its feathered squatters. Navy men, it is true, tried to drive geese off the island at one point by stealing their eggs. Eggless geese proved worse



than nesting geese; they not only remained, but hopped back out to the runways, performed long, frustrated dances and wailed like bunnies as they did so. Recently, in the hopes that Midway geese might be tricked into getting lost somewhere, the Navy has been taking selected birds on long airplane trips.

But although the Pacific is full of islands, the Midway geese are proving more than ever that they like Midway best—and also that they can go without food for 47 days, can navigate as unerringly as if they had their own radio beacons and can fly as tirelessly as atomic airplanes. Geese were taken to northern Japan, to Guam and to Kwajalein. They flew right back to Midway, and, once landed, waddled to the very nesting spots from which they had been removed. The other day, tired but game, the Navy banded up four more, dyed their heads shocking pink for identification, and flew them all the way across the Pacific to Whidbey Island near Seattle.

The geese were prepared for the trip by being shooed, wings furred, into cardboard boxes with tops of wire netting. They did not seem to mind. They spent 2½ days in a Navy PSM seaplane en route to Puget Sound. They rode silently, apparently lost in thought. When released at the air station on Whidbey Island they showed no concern at all at their strange surroundings. They simply stretched their wings, stumbled clumsily for 60 feet along the concrete ramp and took off. They headed due west, paying no attention to each other.

"They only got 3,000 miles to go," said a Navy chief, glumly. "They'll be back at Midway in a couple of weeks."

FURNISH or JULY tree-felling and woodcutting contests have been a part of our national heritage from the day of the first logging camp, and still persist, but wood chewing, or the art of cutting saplings with the teeth, has been completely ignored as a U.S. folk sport. The beaver, known to every early settler, is quite probably the reason for this omission. Eating through a sapling, of course, is not the most pleasant occupation in the world, but neither is running the mile. Beavers are so adept and efficient at it, however, that humans just haven't thought of emulating them. Who, we have asked, could eat wood like a beaver?

It is high time we cease such defeatist thinking, and remember that the 15-foot pole vault, only a few years ago, seemed equally impossible. Last week on Staten Island, N.Y., one Augustus M. Pynn, 48, a bank manager, took one of those bold, improbable steps by which man is continually extending his own horizons and abolishing his own limitations. Mr. Pynn was set upon by three thugs, robbed of a billfold containing the combinations for the bank's safes and then handcuffed to a sapling in the woods.

How to escape? Mr. Pynn could neither break the sapling (which was an inch thick) nor slide the handcuffs off. He did what he had to do to spread the alarm. He chewed his way through the sapling. Took him two hours, but he got word to the cops and the bank was left unscathed.

It is true that any beaver worthy of his bark could go through a sapling of that sort much quicker, but Mr. Pynn

had never chewed wood before, and therefore must be considered a rank amateur, even though an innovator. Practice and new techniques and competition by younger men would almost certainly bring about a reduction of his time for the one-inch sapling. And in his case the time recording is probably unfair in the first place. Mr. Pynn wants an upper plate.

G. S. A.

THE U.S. Lawn Tennis Association took another step toward a businesslike study of the question of open tournaments. President Bensville H. McMann named a five-man group to dig into the subject and report in September: Edward A. Turrell, St. Petersburg, Fla., lawyer, chairman; Victor Dwyer, Seattle investment banker; George E. Barnes, president, Midwest Stock Exchange, Chicago; Alan H. Herrington, Los Angeles building executive, and Allison Duszg, New York sportswriter.

President McMann gave committee men a list of fundamental questions to think about and bade them talk to "club officials, club members, players, intercollegiate and intercollegiate officials, the general public, the press and, as a matter of fact, to anybody who is even remotely interested in tennis and the problems which a tournament open to both amateurs and professionals would involve." Here are President McMann's fundamental questions and—in short version—Sports Illustration's own answers:

Q: Will an open strengthen tennis?

A: Yes.

Q: What will an open do to Davis Cup competition?

A: Anything that strengthens tennis will strengthen Davis Cup competition. Q: What effect will an open have on the part of American youth?

A: It would increase that interest.

THIS TIME WITH HORSES

CHILDREN are interested in polo, though nobody knows why. Probably the best explanation is that children are interested in everything—a fact that has led the television show *Let's Take a Trip* (CBS, 12 to 12:30 EST on Sundays) to investigate an odd assortment of subjects: a rope walk, a truck meet, a tugboat, a rodeo—and as on, heller-scheller, at the rate of one subject a Sunday, back to the show's beginning in April

continued



FULL COURT PRESS

A secret defense
That had been working
For an 8-foot center,
A 7-foot swing.

—T. ARNOLD



"The men agreed? I put out a few pointers over the water, too."

of 1955. Last Sunday *Let's Take a Trip* got around to polo.

The show involves a lanky and amiable adult named Sonny Fox and two children, a boy named Pud Flanagan, 12, and a girl of 11 named Ginger MacMarius. Their technique is simple—they go to an interesting place and ask questions, and it's up to the people they find there to answer them.

On Saturday afternoon they went to the Squadron A Armory in New York to rehearse the next day's show. Pud was absent, busy with another acting job, so Ginger played his part as well as her own. She wore blue jeans, a



red jacket and a ponytail. Sonny wore a rumpled blue suit and no tie. As the rehearsal scene opened, both were drinking ginger ale. The production supervisor was marking off a place in the tankard where a hole would be dug to receive a TV camera and its cameraman, and so provide a fallen rider's view of the crashing horses. Six members of the Squadron A Polo Club were playing polo, and the director was studying the set-up.

"At one point," said Sonny Fox to Ginger, "someone will hand you a polo ball, the hollow indur kind, and you ransay something like 'Oh, it's light.'"

"Oh, it's light," said Ginger.

"Try to sound surprised," said Sonny.

"Oh! It's light!" said Ginger, wide-eyed and sounding surprised indeed.

"Great," said Sonny. "Who will win the National League contest this year?"

"Milwaukee," said Ginger, after a moment's thought.

"Take a break," roared the director to the six polo players, and they dismounted. Ginger hiccuped. She had drunk her ginger ale too fast.

Mr. Fred Zeller appeared. He is a veteran of 20 years of polo and a member of the Squadron A club. His assignment was to explain the game to Sonny, Ginger, Pud and the television audience. Standing in a corner of the field, in front of an imaginary camera, Sonny and Ginger practiced asking questions, and Mr. Zeller practiced answering them. He explained that a polo game is played in four 7½-minute periods, that the ponies' tails are braided so they

won't get tangled in the mallets and that the mounts are chosen for speed, quick reactions and boldness.

"Now," said the director, "this is where they come chatting to you." Even-ly, jowled and watched two hoed imaginary horses charge past. Ginger hiccuped.

"What about the ball?" asked Sonny, and Zeller picked one up from the ground. It is made like a basketball, he said, but is only 4½ inches in diameter. He handed it to Ginger.

"Oh! It's light!" hiccuped, surprised.

The audience for *Let's Take a Trip* is one of the strangest mixtures in all television. According to fan mail and other indicators, it is made up half of children, mostly around eight and nine years old, and half of adults, mostly old enough to be grandparents. Both age groups like shots about animals and sports, so polo was a natural.

"Now," said the director finally, "let's do it with horses," and three players came out and began to play. Presently the game was halted and Ginger mounted a pony, gripped a mallet and took several swipes at a ball. Then the rehearsal ended. "Everybody be here at 6 o'clock in the morning," shouted the director.

When the show appeared on people's TV screens the next day, Pud was on hand as well as Ginger. Both wore polo outfits (Ginger's ponytail was tucked up inside her helmet). Sonny Fox had put on a tie, and nobody looked as if he had been up rehearsing since 6 a.m. The horses galloped handsomely, and the mallets hit

the ball with a sound like a cannon shot. Pud and Ginger asked their questions and got their answers. By the end of the show several million small-framed kids, all about polo and worried to ask a question of their own: "Daddy, can I have a polo pony?"

MYSTERY OF THE WEEK

FIFTEEN THOUSAND spectators at an indoor track meet in Manchester, England yielded themselves hoarse last week as three top British distance men, Ken Wood, Derek Ibbotson and Brian Houston, raced neck and neck down the stretch in the mile. They fell into a hunched crouch, however, when Winter Woods time was announced as 3:55.4—some 29 seconds faster than John Landy's world record. "You may think this remarkable," added the announcer, "but, of course, there might be something wrong with the stop watches."

Well, the watches were correct, as it turned out, but a slight mistake had nevertheless been made—the finish line had been set up short of the mile. But nobody seemed to be sure just how short—one 128-yard lap, a lap plus 56 yards, or just 76 yards. If the last estimate was correct, the runners had covered 1,620 yards and had run far faster than the pace for a four-minute mile. Wood felt that he may have been running under Landy's record, despite the sharp turns of the lashed wooden track. But neither he, nor the crowd, nor the officials, it seemed quite certain, would ever know for sure.

PITCHER'S VIEW FROM THE MOUND

Television audiences, well accustomed to backside shots of the tableau on the opposite page, never see it as it appears to the pitcher and won't until some inventive technician figures out a way to get a camera better-high someplace near second base. Pending that happy day, Staff Photographer John G. Zimmerman, shooting from the mound, offers this pitcher's-eye view featuring speeding ball, swinging bat, crouching ump and promising Red Sox Catcher Haywood Sullivan (see page 54).

**THE WONDERFUL
WORLD OF SPORT**



RAIN, RAIN GO AWAY...

... Lady golfers want to play. That was the mood at Augusta Country Club the day before the opening of the Titleholders tournament—distaff equivalent of The Masters—when rain came along and spoiled final practice rounds. In consequence, best women golfers in the U.S. spent the day clustered around clubhouse tables, played innumerable gin rummy games before sky cleared and tournament, won by Patty Berg, could begin

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT W. ADAMS—LEFT



SOON FRIEDAYS ATTRACT ONLY TOURNAMENT'S OFFICIALS



ANNE QUAST, 19-year-old University of Washington amateur, who finished second to Patty Berg, wars warm in an animated rummy game.

BARBARA ROMACK, who had to withdraw from tournament because of injured hand, exercises her maimed hand with animated delight.





COURTESY, WITH UMBRELLAS; MAKING PLANS IN THE RAIN. INDOORS, TWO CLUB MEMBERS CHAT, SMOKE AND WAIT



MARLENE BAUER HAGGE, third in the tournament, finds the cards just dull as unimpressive as the weather.

PAT DEVANY, player from Grove Hill, Mich., kneels to chat with Mrs. Edward Sheehan, member of Augusta club.



ROUNDUP TIME EAST & WEST

The imported and the home-grown styles of riding both have their traditions and their enthusiastic supporters, and spring weather brought each group out in strength. In Texas the Salt Grass Trail riders traveled 90 miles to open a Roanoke livestock exposition, and in South Carolina the hunter trials covered a 3,000-acre farm near Tryon. The Texans camped out in tents at night, while the hunt crowd ended the day dressed to the teeth at a dinner dance





FOX HUNTERS in formal riding habits approach check point during drag, which ended past summer trials on South Carolina estate of Kilgus del Guercio. The staff and field numbered more than 96, with representatives on hand from 12 recognized hunts.



TRAIL RIDERS in jeans, chaps and wide-brimmed Stetsons and the first day of trip at Waller, Texas fairgrounds. Nearly 2,000 riders, serviced by 90 check wagons, set out on the three-day jaunt which ended in a parade opening the Houston Fat Stock Show.

LOOK WHO GOT THE CUP!

Time: a few minutes after the North Carolina Tarheels won the Atlantic Coast Conference basketball title. **Place:** a parking lot in Raleigh. The man with the firm clutch on the championship cup is Harry Getlin of Brooklyn, talent

scout who has sent many New York boys to Carolina via basketball's "underground railway" (SI, Feb. 4). He happily took charge of the cup, headed for his parked car and started the trophy on the first leg of trip to Chapel Hill





PHOTO: Big, full-color reproduction of Fury 1964-1966. White Plymouth Division, Chrysler Corp., Dept. AA, P.O. Box 1318, Detroit, Mich.

It's a rare car that rates a toast!

Fury owners... and all who have shared the great exhilaration of just handling a Fury... have an almost personal affection for this uncommonly spirited car.

Few automobiles in history have merited such regard. But Fury combines unusual, clean-lined beauty with response and reliability very seldom found on wheels. A new Fury V-300 engine gives vigorous answer to your command—turning up a tremendous 290 horsepower, with 32-barrel carburetion for direct fuel flow to each cylinder.

Heavy-duty, racing-type torsion bars team with new ball-joint construction up front, and new asymmetrical rear springing, for level, no-sway cornering and no-dive, no-dip stops. New brakes virtually abolish fade; the shoe follows the drum as the drum expands under heat, maintaining full lining-to-drum contact.

And all this is in a full-size car which still provides amazing car-and-driver intimacy. Try Fury. You'll be quite likely to propose a toast yourself!

*For the man who
really loves cars*

Fury by PLYMOUTH

Here is
CLOTHING TAILORING
in CASUAL CLOTHES!

'BOTANY' 500'
*holiday
casuals*



TINA LESER puts her
Stamp of Approval on
HOLIDAY CASUALS

"I have always found that the more casual the fashion, the greater the need for good tailoring to create line and style. That's why the type of tailoring recommended by Tailor-made!

Tailor-made! is important. This is one of the factors of "the style is casual" which distinguishes "BOTANY" 500' clothing."



This is casual wear tailored by famous Daroff of Philadelphia with the same fit and fashion as 'BOTANY' 500' clothing. This is casual wear that looks better because it fits better. The exclusive fabrics are unusually styled in patterns and colors that add more distinction to your casual life.

Sport Coats \$37.50 up
Slacks \$16.95 up

'BOTANY' 500'
Tailored by **DAROFF**

THE MAGNETIC OBSESSION

Wilt Chamberlain, who has scored 86 points in two NCAA tournament games thus far, hypnotizes opposing teams

by TEX MAULE and JEREMIAH TAX



CHAMBERLAIN DEFLECTION OF KREBS SHOT SYMBOLIZES DALLAS OUEL

WILSON CHAMBERLAIN, a tall, curiously withdrawn 19-year-old Negro, is very close now as a sophomore to being the best college basketball player in the United States. Oddly enough, he has some glaring faults—he cannot defend adequately against a hook shot for one thing and he has an effective range of only about eight feet from the basket on offense. He may, once in a while, hit some whirling jump shots from farther out than that, but he does not do it consistently, and so team that plays Kansas ever worries about Chamberlain when he is that far away from the target.

Yet Kansas won the Western Regional NCAA basketball championship in Dallas entirely on Chamberlain's ability to intimidate an opponent. The tournament was won in the first game against a Southern Methodist team armed with everything which a basketball team needs and armed particularly for this tournament with three years of tournament play which should have made it immune to pressure jitters.

Doc Hayes, the bald, gentle man who coaches SMU, devised an intelligent attack against the Kansas zone defense, and, more important, he gave his team a two-three zone defense which allowed it to detach strength from the Kansas weaknesses and detail it to guarding Chamberlain. On offense, early, no-sweat Jan Krebs, the very fine SMU center, cut into the corner of the court for long, one-hand set shots, and Krebs, who all of this season has been extraordinarily accurate from that terrain, missed. The strategy was to draw the 7-foot Chamberlain out of his station under the basket to harry Krebs, and it might have worked had Krebs hit. But, conscious always of the threat of a blocked shot, and shooting with only half an eye on the basket, Krebs missed time and again and Chamberlain, climbing effortlessly high above the rank under the backboard, took away the rebounds and passed the ball out quickly, and Kansas moved away to a 15-4 lead.

The SMU defense, in this taut, excit-

ing opening phase of the game, suffered even more than the attack from a Chamberlain complex. The two-three zone, which stretched a three-man picket fence under the basket, was designed to prevent 1) a pass to Chamberlain in the narrow area in which he is a deadly shot and 2) to block Chamberlain off the backboard so that SMU might have a chance at the rebound. Krebs had the major responsibility for Chamberlain in this zone and he handled it well, moving with his deliberate grace to maintain defensive position between Chamberlain and the basket. He was helped by another player sagging back on Chamberlain from the fringe of the defense.

Unfortunately, the SMU players, unwisely Chamberlain tightly, left an alley open. Gene Elston slipped through it twice for goals, and Ronnie Lonski, a talented sophomore, sifted through for three more, and suddenly

Continued on page 28

FOR PREVIEW OF FINAL GAMES TURN PAGE

CHAMPIONSHIP PREVIEW:

KANSAS



DON LOVELACE, JR.
6'7", 205, SOPH.



JOHN FARMER, SR.
6'8", 175, SR.



W. CHAMBERLAIN, C.
7'4", 215, SOPH.



MAURICE KING, G.
6'7", 195, SR.



GENE EUSTON, F.
6'2", 175, SR.



DICK HARP
COACH

SAN FRANCISCO



MIKE PRAELISCH, F.
6'8", 185, JR.



GENE BROWN, G.
6'2", 175, JR.



AL DUNBAR, G.
6'10", 175, JR.



ART DAY, C.
6'7", 205, SOPH.



MIKE FARMER, F.
6'7", 175, JR.



PHIL WOLFERT
COACH

REBOUNDING Kansas must be given the edge only because of Chamberlain, who is the nation's percentage leader. Aside from Wilt, Kansas is in last place in height, with Carolina and San Francisco in a tie for first and Michigan State third. Carolina's comparative weakness here—their only serious flaw as a team—is the more surprising when the height of their front line is considered. Rosenbluth, Quigg and Brown average 6 feet 6½ inches, but Yale's Robinson and Canisius' Nowak (both 6 feet 3) were able to outmaneuver and outjump them under the boards. In a Kansas-Carolina final, Carolina would seldom get more than one shot at the basket. Against Michigan State in the semifinal, Carolina will have an edge in height

but, again, a tough battle for the free ball. State's Green (6 feet 5) did not join the team until January, and he is their best rebounder, so season statistics are no indication of their real strength here. In the other semifinal, San Francisco's chances against Chamberlain are also nil, despite their front-line average of 6 feet 7. At that height Farmer is the better rebounder than Day, the 6-foot-9 center, but certainly not in Wilt's class. Farmer, however, hooks well with either hand, and San Francisco may try to lure Chamberlain out from under the boards, using Farmer as decoy, though this tactic, admittedly, has not been successful in the past. A San Francisco-Michigan State or San Francisco-Carolina final would be a close affair in this department.

RATING

1. KANSAS
2. MICHIGAN STATE
3. NORTH CAROLINA
4. SAN FRANCISCO

SHOOTING In cold statistics for the regular season, Carolina (43.8) led Kansas by 4 percentage points, Michigan State by 4½ and San Francisco by close to 9 in accuracy from the floor. In free throws, they led San Francisco by 3½, Kansas by 7 and State by 7. Such figures, however, are unreliable guides to a single-game performance under championship tournament pressure, and this factor should, oddly, work both for and against Carolina. The Tarheels are unquestionably the most experienced and poised of the four teams. Pressure of the situation, therefore, should hurt them least. (Against Syracuse in the quarter-finals, for example, Carolina took only 47 shots to Syracuse's 75, but were never in trouble.)

Pressure of the opposing team's defense may be another matter. Whichever team Carolina meets in the final will harry their fine shooters severely. Against Kansas, the mere presence of Chamberlain on the court will be extremely distracting, as it has been for rivals all season. Against San Francisco, Carolina will be rushed by one of the most tenacious and press-minded teams in the country. They will have to get their shots off faster than ever—which may affect their accuracy. The semifinal with Michigan State should be somewhat easier. Here it will be a scoring race between Carolina's accuracy and State's effective fast break. Carolina's Kansas appears to be their only man who can run in the same class with the Spartans, but the Tarheels still should win.

RATING

1. NORTH CAROLINA
2. KANSAS
3. MICHIGAN STATE
4. SAN FRANCISCO

THE LAST FOUR

NORTH CAROLINA



TOMMY KEARNS, G.
6'2", 110, JR.



R. CUNNINGHAM, G.
6'2", 120, JR.



JOE GUICE, C.
6'5", 120, JR.



PETE BRENNAN, F.
6'5", 110, JR.



LEN ROSENBLUTH, F.
6'3", 100, SR.



FRANK MCGUIRE
COACH

MICHIGAN STATE



PAT WILSON, G.
6'6", 100, SR.



JACK QUIGG, G.
6'2", 110, JR.



JOHNNY GREEN, G.
6'2", 110, SR.



LARRY HEDDEN, F.
6'2", 110, JR.



G. FERGUSON, F.
6'2", 100, SR.



FORREST ANDERSON
COACH

DEFENSE

Here statistics are a dependable than in shooting, for a team which has not done well all season on defense simply cannot develop this skill overnight. Defense is learned, not suddenly inspired. Logic, therefore, demands that San Francisco be accorded top ranking, since they have limited the opposition to 58 points per game this year. Kansas, also, has held its rivals to a low average (58 points) and must be placed on the same level with the Dons. Their defensive success begins and ends, of course, with Chamberlain. The rest of the Kansas team does a lot of scrambling, but this is not to be considered even the frosting on the cake. The whole cake is Wilt—his speed, his jumping ability, his

timing, which improves with every game, his enormous height and arm spread. San Francisco's aggressive defense tactics—man-to-man—and their effectiveness are a tribute to Coach Woolpert's ability to teach. In the last two games of the regular season Brown himself intercepted 14 passes and turned 11 of them into baskets. Neither Michigan State nor Carolina is in the same class as Kansas and San Francisco in this area. Both play the zone or man-to-man, depending on the opposition. In the semifinal, State will not be able to cope with Rosenbluth's fine variety of shots from close in and Brennan's accuracy from the corner. The biggest defense problem for both State and Kansas, finally, is likely to be the driving speed of Carolina's Kearns.

RATING

1. **SAN FRANCISCO**
2. **KANSAS**

3. **NORTH CAROLINA**

4. **MICHIGAN STATE**

THE SUM-UP

Any reasonable estimate must reach the following two conclusions: 1) Kansas and Carolina will meet in the finals. 2) The outcome will hinge on whether the Tarheels can maintain their poise or whether Chamberlain will continue his psychological and physical mastery over five rival players. When a team walks out on the court and gets its first glimpse of Wilt, the visual impact is stunning. If Kansas gets the ball on the opening jump and passes in to Chamberlain for a quick dunk, that impact is increased enormously. After Chamberlain blocks the first rival shot, the shock treatment is complete. Many good teams simply fall apart at this point; a great team is no longer great. Against this must be

placed the clear evidence that, all season, Carolina has played as well as was needed to win. The team that was stopped in its tracks for three-quarters of a game by Yale is the same team that beat strong Wake Forest four times and finally ran away from stubborn Calicut. To pick Carolina, one must argue that the Tarheels will not be intimidated by Chamberlain. It must also follow that Wilt has as off night on offense, and this would be a remarkable coincidence. Carolina's one chance is to keep the ball away from Wilt Chamberlain. And their defensive record to date suggests this is an unlikely feat. The contest for third place should pit the irresistible force (Michigan State) against the immovable object (San Francisco). Our pick: the object.

RATING

1. **KANSAS**

2. **NORTH CAROLINA**

3. **SAN FRANCISCO**

4. **MICHIGAN STATE**

Naturally American . . . Naturally Arrow



Springtime's freshest fashions—Coffee Tones by Arrow. Here are combed broadcloth shirts, sport knits, slacks, ear caps and jackets . . . all accented with rich coffee tones. Mix them or match them, they're all styled to wear together. They're made (and inspected) with a care that is traditionally Arrow. Shirts are "Sanitized"-labeled, of course. *Clear, Pennies 40 to 60¢.*

ARROW  first in fashion
CASUAL WEAR

Sport Shirts, 12.95; Knit Shirts, 14.95; Loungers, \$17.50; Jackets, \$20.95.



Announcing the new **Firestone**

Fresh from Firestone's experience in world-famous speedway and endurance runs comes new supersafety for you—a speedway-developed tire that puts a new kind of dependability into day-long driving on the turnpikes and superhighways, and in your day-to-day driving right in town. Made with Nuclear Controlled Nylon Plies, this great new tire can actually double your driving safety.

Only nylon and Firestone's knowledge of tire performance at the rubber-soaking speeds of endurance runs and competition driving could produce the new Firestone Nylon "500." Firestone borrowed from that background to build this tire for you—to build a new margin of safety into every road you travel—to build a tire that can take the heat and higher speeds of open country driving, and give you greater protection on city streets and expressways, too.

The Firestone "500" is a tough tire, a tire that puts cooler running rubber on the road and backs it up with heat-



America's almost incredible stock car endurance record—50,000 miles at an average of 108 miles per hour—was set last September on Firestone tires! Run on the searing salt flats of Bonneville—without a single tire failure—every mile was turned on Firestones!

Every American automobile manufacturer has specified Firestone Tires for all major competitive endurance runs and speed tests that have set new records in the world of wheels. In the blistering Bonneville record attempt, tread wear measurements revealed a projected life—at better than 100 miles per hour—of 33,000 miles per set of tires! Only one tire in America gives such built-in peace of mind. And the name is Firestone!

Nylon "500"

resilient nylon cord. Not just nylon, but nylon cord plies that are measured with nuclear accuracy to assure as near a uniformity in thickness and strength, as it is possible to control. It's done with five Firestone nuclear control devices that maintain tolerances to one ten-thousandths of an inch.

And never before has safety come with such smart good looks. So see your Firestone Dealer or Store about safety-treading your present tires for Firestone's new "500." Or, ask for them on your new car. Get them, and know you own the safest tires on wheels.

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH



Save the Value of Firestone on Road or Track—ask every dealer showing you ABC.

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The Fairlane 500 (right) and Fairlane 500 (left) with a beautiful combination.

Set your family 2-Ford free

Over 300,000 American families find it entirely practical and wonderfully convenient to own 2 Fords. . . . So will you.

Suppose the men of the family decide to stir up the local hotpeas. Naturally, they'll take the new Ford Station Wagon. It's got room for up to 9 sportsmen. . . . Thunderbird punch in the engine room. And for trail riding, you can't beat the solid comfort of the new "Inner Ford."

While the male portion of the tribe heads off into the brush, so need for mother to linger

on the reservation. She's free as the breeze to come and go as she pleases.

She looks and feels as young as the fresh new lines of her new kind of Ford. She finds its distinguished handling and spirited response were made to her personal measure for traffic threading or highway cruising.

Wonderful freedom, wonderful convenience, you agree. But what about the price? That's the cheeriest news yet. You can own two fine Fords for the price of one "fine" car!

Ask to Action Fast the new kind of



FORD

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Mrs. Dorothy LeVine, pretty Chicagoan who won title in 1964, lost title of herself in three-year layoff, coming back to beat Defending Champion Lois Ellis 6-1, 6-1 for women's national indoor tennis championship at Brookline.



Herb Elliott, 19-year-old Aussie who has become latest down under track sensation, took crack at retired John Landy's 580 record, whirled off 1:49.3 clocking on top of recent 4:30.4 mile to set national mark at Melbourne.

RECORD BREAKERS

Mrs. Charlotte E. Ware, smiling grandmother from Millersburg, Ohio, turned her slender frothing red into potent weapon, adroitly applying persistent pressure to 58-pound test line to whip stubborn 75-pound amberjack into submission off West End, Grand Bahama Island, Bahamas for new world record for species and tackle class.

BASEBALL

Major league fans, with one eye cocked toward warmer climes, feared to their surprise that Cleveland (5-3) and Pittsburgh (7-2) topped Grapefruit League standings after first full week of exhibition games. They also scored with no surprise that Yankees' Mickey Vernon had started his blasting, slugging three homers, one a 425-footer against St. Louis.

HOCKEY

Detroit, perking up with NHL title in sight, edged Montreal 2-1 on Alex Delvecz's third-period goal to win's eighth career in last nine years. Boston, in last-ditch battle for second, won twice to move into tie with sparkling Canadiens. Week's third season's biggest score: Toronto's 14-1 victory over fourth-place New York.

Colorado College slipped past Clarkson 5-3 in semifinals, but far easier time routing defending champion Michigan 15-0 to win NCAA title at Colorado Springs. Clarkson came back to edge Harvard 2-1 for consolation honors.

FENCING

Many swordsmen, led by artful Jim Woods, jabbed and parried their way to ripe title, scored enough points in foil (won by NYU) and sabre (won by Columbia) to retain three-woman Intercollegiate crown by single point in New York.

FOCUS ON THE DEED



HIGH-FLYING DODGERS will use this 44-passenger Conquest 440 transport, shown in full flight, to carry national League champions and their farm teams on far-flung road trips.

TRACK & FIELD

Irishman's Ron Delany, roundly criticized for some for dawdling along just fast enough to win instead of shooting for records, didn't change his style one bit in Chicago Daily News Belize but this time he was carried to 1000 cheerleaders by Maryland's hurdling Burr Ginn, then stepped out in final quarter to glimmer-star mile in 4:39.5, his best time indoors. Delany, unbeaten in 17 straight indoor races, admitted "I could have run faster," but added: "I like to run like that."

Ducky Whilden, self-gaunted U. of Tampa sprinter, had himself a time as Longhorns took university team title in Southwestern. Rejuvenated meet at Fort Worth. Whilden won 22.9 in 200, trailed Alabama Christian's Bobby Merritt in 5.5 hundred, ran on two winning relay legals, including 280-yard foursome which scampered down in 1:04, fastest ever second two yards.

SWIMMING

Tim Jocko, powerful-striking Yale sophomore from Bethesda, Md., chased up meet records breaking swell in Harvard pool, strong-arming 280-yard butterfly in 2:51.5, 280-yard individual medley in 2:30.7, and 100-yard butterfly in 1:24.4 to become first since late John Marshall (in 1951) to score triple as talent-loaded Eli won 10 events in Eastern Intercollegiate. Jocko's performance drew enthusiastic raves from veteran Coach Bob Kipphut: "He's great, just great, and will be even better."

GOLF

Patty Berg, stocky veteran who has been playing rush circuit since 1940, scored her best round for last, shooting 89 (three under par's) part to finish three strokes ahead of Amateur Anne Quast (126-129) for her seventh Titleholders championship and \$1,000 top prize at Augusta.

FIGURE SKATING

Carol Hines, pretty Quebec teenager, and David Jenkins, crew-cut wizard from Colorado Springs, cut compulsory figures with perfection. The problem but were at their best in freestyle, whirling and spinning gracefully as they combined during consolation with scoring speed to win U.S. titles at Berkeley, Calif. Among other champions: Carol Wasek (see page 16) of Queens Park, N.Y., junior women; Bradley Lord of Brighton, Mass., junior men.

BASKETBALL

Pennsylvanian college tournaments held spotlight in North Carolina, Michigan State, San Francisco and Kansas swept into Friday's NCAA semifinals at Kansas City; Memphis State, Xavier of Ohio, Dayton and St. Josephville won NIT opening games in New York; Winston-Salem defeated Kentucky; Washington took in NCAA consolation final at Knoxville, Tenn.; Tennessee State conquered Southeastern Oklahoma 92-73 for NAIA title at Kansas City.

NBA playoffs began with Boston and St. Louis leaping over Fort Wayne (111-105, Minneapolis 114-111) to break first-place tie in West; sitting Mfy by while runners-up fought it out in best-of-three series. Syracuse outlasted Philadelphia 109-94 in East; Minneapolis outlasted Fort Wayne 121-121 in West.

BOXING

Spider Webb, fourth-ranked Chicago middleweight, had trouble avoiding right-hand sucker shots sent his way by sitting Willie Gooses (taking for ailing Randy Sandy) but managed to win his 12th straight in home town TV bout. Webb set up clamor for title shot, renewed assurance from interested HBCman Truman K. Gibson: "He's got it, once enough."

The Cheaters, unranked in official four-man round-robin



HIGH-STEPPING PRANCERS, guided by far-hatted drivers, pick their way through snow, dust and mud at start of competition for the Winter Price for Oval horses at Moscow racetrack.

AGAIN! FOR THE 8TH YEAR ... THE FAVORITE



Once more Titleist led all other balls as the choice of the Pros and Amateurs in the Big Money Tournaments of 1956.

In every major open tournament, as well as the National Open, National Amateur, National P. G. A., Masters' and the Women's Open and Women's Amateur, more Titleist were played than any other ball.

What better ball could there be for you than the ball chosen by those who know golf best?—the Titleist, "the most modern of modern balls".

Ask your Pro to specify the Titleist ball suited to your game. Ask him too, about Acushnet pattern, gloves and head covers.

ACUSHNET

GOLF BALLS

Sold the world over through
Golf Course Pro Shops only

SCOREBOARD continued



John Yovislin, 28, T-formation exponent, gave up comfortable post at Georgetown to accept more challenging job of trying to pick up Harvard's lost football prestige. Explains Yovislin: "I like the philosophy of the Ivy League."

arrange for Sandy Sullivan's featured featherweight title bout, judging 114 fights with lady Holmes to take 25-round decisions in New York. Waled Chertout: "They got this guy Count Buzz (Hersch Kupper) Thompson-Brown, Bussey) or whatever you call him in the tournament. Why don't they let him fight me for the title?"

SKIING

Tom Baker, handsome American phenom, vanished during down slushy St. Moritz to win giant slalom (male), added downhill victory, winning for second time in American International at St. Moritz. France's vivacious Thérèse La Due finished fourth behind American Nemo Foley in slalom and Madei Springer-Miller in downhill but was great skion to take women's combined honors.

MILEPOSTS

1956—To attend Milwaukee June, 1, 1956, 600 advance tickets for Braves' home games, more than more clubs will sell all season.

1956—Eugenio Castellotti, 26, handsome devil—may cure Italian racing champion, known to adoring female fans in his own country as Il Brutto (the ugly one), winner of Mille Miglia and Berlin International in 1954; of fractured skull, when his sleek red Ferrari crashed during test run at Modena Autodrome last year.

1955—Edward A. Stevens, 74, lifetime Cornell sailing star, former coach at Harvard, later at Oregon State; after brief illness, at Cornell, Ore. In 1925 Stevens loftily announced Harvard policy would be changed "to abolish any feeling that the crew is an exclusive organization," next year resigned, claiming he was no longer able to work with Columbia oarsmen.



LEAPING Toot Sailer, shooting with un-restrained glee, sails across the finish line to win the giant slalom in 2:22.3 at St. Moritz.

BULB BLOW? SPOILED SHOW?



BUY A PAIR! HAVE A SPARE!



G-E PROJECTION LAMPS
FOR ALL SLIDE AND MOVIE PROJECTORS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

America's
Best Shave Bomb Buy
BIG YELLOW CAN
79¢
150 Shaves
BURMA SHAVE
Bubble Shave Cream
BOMB

LEXOL
preserves, renews,
beautifies anything made of LEATHER
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SNOW PATROL

compiled by MORT LUND

AS OF MARCH 16

*Be sure to telephone resorts
for latest weather reports*

ED: early season; GRF: in vicinity;
SL: after, slope, shift in season;
L: late season; H: high season;
N: not yet open; S: ski season

* EAST

Stowe, Vt. Warm spring skiing (Feb. 1st) Mountain trails period with skiing watching American International runs. Conditions good. TD 34, HD 15, CR 1, SN 1.

Dulch Hill, Vt. Spring skiing brought out girls in short skirts and fancy Alpine hats. TD 0-15, CR 100, SN 8.

Cannon Mt., N. H. Fair skiing on upper Cannon and Taff Slacks. TD 0-30, CR 1,000, SN 2.

Mt. Granamos, N. H. Skiing on lower North Cannon Mt. (last) in good.

Mt. Washington, N. H. Touristman Ravine good. Sherburne trail open.

Las Encinas, Que. Spring skiing at its best and temperatures not frosty now. TD 25, HD 22, CR 1, SN 1.

Mt. Tremblant, Que. Spring skiing good. TD 7-25, HD 15, CR 1,000, SN 12.

* WEST

Aspen, Colo. Excellent skiing on all slopes. Sno-Cat loaded skiers up 2nd Chair due to breakdown of lower lift. TD 70, HD 20, SN 7.

Arrowhead Basin, Colo. Biggest crowds of season enjoyed powder snow on Upper Basin slope. White swans popular for spring skiing. TD 62, HD 10, CR 2,000, SN 1.

Hidden Valley, Colo. Excellent skiing. Trails 1 and 2 open and fast. TD 62, HD 15.

San Vito, Idaho. Deep powder, best on Baldy. Lifts run. TD 21, 25, HD 100, SN 15.

Alta, Idaho. Skiing excellent with new powder on all runs. TD 115, CR 1,000, SN 12.

Brighton, Utah. Perfect powder. Night skiing by light of three colorful spotlights on Mt. Hesperus. TD 100, CR 2,000, SN 11.

Big Mt., Nevada. Warm days and cold nights keep good snow surface. Red Roaring bear. Deep. Skis excellent for beginners. TD 25, HD 42, CR 600, SN 1.

Tam, N. Mex. Three powder on packed base after one skiing. TD 102, HD 15, CR 100.

Jackson Hole, Wyo. Skiing very good, all trails open. TD 33, HD 20, SN 8, 15.

* FAR WEST

Sugar Bowl, Calif. Excellent powder skiing on both Henry and Longhorn. Sponsored by Dardoff, Haines and Combined championships scheduled for April 19-24. TD 101, HD 41, CR 1,000, SN 25.

Sierra Valley, Calif. Tourist conditions good all over mountain. Black and white Libby's popular. TD 90, HD 24, CR 1,000, SN 20.

Mt. Baldy, Calif. Snow storm provided good skiing for weekend. TD 15, CR 1,000, SN 20.

Yosemite, Calif. Skiing excellent, all runs open. Roads clear. Ranger park ranger (ski) pants will set style. TD 72, CR 1,200, SN 20.

Mt. Lassen, Calif. Excellent throughout area. Powder. Three runs open. Skis good. TD 115, CR 1,200, SN 20.

Hawes Valley, Calif. Best ski conditions of season. TD 121, CR 2,000, SN 15.

Barro, Nev. Skiing excellent. Roads clear. National Junior Championships scheduled March 21-25. TD 37, CR 1,000, SN 12.

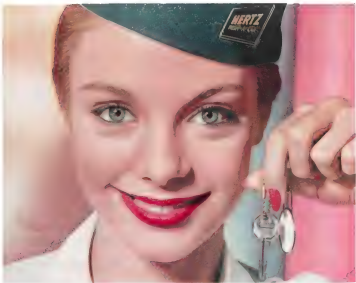
Mt. Baker, Wash. All trails and touring areas open. Packed runs fast, untracked trails heavy going. Many days brought out Skis and Skis and Skis, topped by baby skiers. TD 100, CR 1,000, SN 15.

White Pass, Wash. Best powder skiing of year on Canada. Better Corvair and Puma trails. Sno-Powder. Skis good. Skis good. TD 30, HD 22, CR 1,000, SN 15.

Mt. Rainier, Wash. All trails open, snow heavy. TD 104, HD 100, CR 1,200, SN 11.

Mt. Hood, Ore. Skiing very good in dry snow. All runs open. Skis good on roads. TD 178, CR 4,000, SN 41. Govt. Camp Skiing best at summit of Mt. Hood. Skis good. TD 60, CR 2,000, SN 20.

Queen Mt., B.C. Skis very good. Skis good. TD 70, HD 40, CR 1,000, SN 15.



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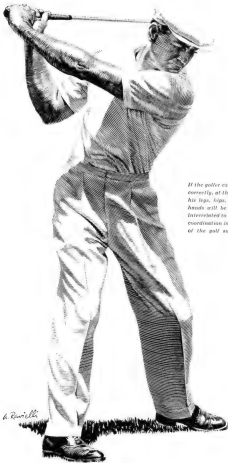
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If the golfer executes his backswing correctly, at the top of his backswing his legs, hips, shoulders, arms and hands will be properly poised and interrelated to move with power and coordination into that climactic part of the golf swing, the downswing

THE FIRST PART of the SWING

by BEN HOGAN

with HERBERT WARREN WIND and drawings by ANTHONY RAVIELLI

SOME persons who have made golf their career devote the major portion of their working hours to teaching the game. In contrast to the "home pro," other members of my profession are, first and foremost, tournament golfers who follow the circuit. There are a few professionals (but not many) who combine serious teaching and serious competitive golf but, for the most part, keeping himself tuned up for tournament golf takes all of a man's time nowadays because the competition is much keener. Today you have to be a specialist in golf.

In any event, that has been true in my case. Preparing myself for tournaments and participating in them consumed practically all my time and energies. Far from leaving me with extra hours for teaching, it left me only with the regret that the days were not longer so that I could spend more time practicing and preparing.

I have often wondered whether, if the demands of being a tournament golfer had not been so all-encompassing, I would have been a first-class teacher of golf. I really don't know the answer. Certainly I didn't and don't have the ideal temperament for teaching, not compared to such natural teachers as Henry Picard, Claude Harmon and Al Watrous—who were champions when they were playing tournaments). However, I think I was a pretty fair teacher, providing the pupil was seriously interested in improving his game. Quite early in my career when I was serving as the professional at the Century Country Club in Purchase, N.Y., I did a great deal of teaching. It strikes me now that my general approach to teaching was on the very right path: don't simply tell a player what he's doing wrong—that's not much help. You must explain to him what he ought to be doing, why it is correct, and the result it produces—and work like blazes to get it across so that he really understands what you are talking about.

Generally speaking, a teacher is no better than his pupil's ability to work and to learn. There was a young businessman at my club, Fred Ehenan, who had this ability to learn, and we did a very satisfying job together. He was a 90-shooter in April. Five months later he was playing in the 70s and won the club championship. It was no fluke. The

next season, although he was beaten in the final of the club championship by Carl Loeb Jr., his game kept on improving. This took place back in 1938 and 1939. While it is undesirable that the more you know about golf the more you can keep on learning, almost indefinitely, I believe that by 1939 I knew quite well what were the true fundamentals of the golf swing. My knowledge in those days, though, was less integrated than it later became. While I sensed quite clearly the things that were important, I would have had a much harder time in 1939 explaining the reasons why they were. By 1946 I think I truly understood the dynamics of the golf swing.

Beginning in 1946, moreover, I was able to win some of the big championships, and being able to win was the proof I needed that what I felt was correct was indeed correct. It worked. It stood up to the test it was designed to meet. Frequently, you know, what looks like a fairly good golf swing falls apart in competition. Sometimes this is due to the player's temperament—not everyone is built for tournament golf. Much more often, though, the harsh light of competition reveals that a swing is only superficially correct and cannot be schooled for competition because it isn't really correct. It can't stand up day after day. A correct swing will. In fact, the greater the pressure you put on it, the better your swing should function, if it is honestly sound. I feel confident that what I tell you about the true fundamentals is right because the crucible of competition, in which these fundamentals were put to the test, proved to me they were right.

It should be added, of course, that every golfer, no matter how sound his game, must expect to experience some ups and downs. Being a human being, he cannot always be at the peak of his game. He will win his share of tournaments, but there are bound to be occasions when he cannot keep pace with some of his wonderfully talented colleagues who that week happen to be at the peak of their games.

The fundamentals of golf, as I see it, fall into four natural groupings: those that relate 1) to the grip, 2) to the stance and posture, 3) to the first part of the swing

continued

from address to the top of the backswing and 4) to the second part of the swing (from the start of the downswing to the finish of the follow-through). In this chapter we will be discussing the first part of the swing. This phase of the swing requires some instinct, a sense of organization, some thought and a fair control of muscular action. It is, however, much less involved than this makes it appear. Learning the backswing actually consists of getting a few movements clear in your mind and then learning to execute them. This is where the golf shot begins to be played.

The first point about the backswing (and the swing in general) I want to emphasize is this: If his body, legs and arms are properly positioned and poised to begin with, any golfer with average physical equipment can learn to execute the proper movements. This is why you must build on a correct grip and stance, for the golf swing is an accumulative thing. All the actions are linked together.

For instance, when your grip is correct you will have the proper live tension in the muscles which run along the inside of the arms all the way to the armpits. These are the arm muscles you want to work with—they tie in with the muscles of the body that should be used in the golf swing. Coordinated movement results. Same thing with the legs. The inside muscles, which stretch from the ankle to the thigh are the right ones for golf. When a player uses them—to rise, just one illustration—his left knee is bound to break in correctly to the right on the backswing. It won't shoot out straight ahead and, as it huddles, cause his whole body to buckle over with it. Just as one faulty movement leads to others, each correct movement makes it that much easier to execute other moves correctly. With practice, these movements will all blend harmoniously together and fuse into one smooth over-all movement. A bad swing is tiring drudgery. A good swing is a physical pleasure.

The bridge between the address and the actual start of the backswing is "the waggle." As a golfer looks at his objective and figures out the kind of shot he's going to play, his instinct takes over: he waggles the club back and forth. Possibly because the word *waggle* suggests that any aimless kind of oscillation fills the bill, many golfers have the mistaken idea that it doesn't really matter how you waggle the club. To put it another way, they think the only purpose in wagging is to loosen yourself up so that you won't be tense or rigid. There's a great deal more to the waggle than that. It is an extremely important part of shotmaking. Far from being just a lot of minute details, it is a sort of miniature practice swing, an abbreviated "dry run" for the shot coming up. As the golfer takes the club back on the waggle, he adjusts himself to the path the club will be taking on his actual backswing. As he waggles the club forward, he adjusts himself so that the face of the clubhead will be coming into the ball square and on line.

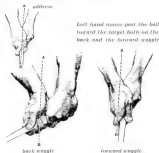
During the waggle, as he presenses his shot and attempts to telegraph his mental picture from his brain to his muscles, the golfer makes the little adjustments necessary to be perfectly in balance for hitting that particular shot from that particular lie. As he waggles, he tunes himself up and takes himself up for his swing. The shoulders do not turn during the waggle. The feet make only small adjusting movements. The hands and arms move. As they waggle the club, the hands and arms pass their rhythm, their tempo of coordination, on to the legs and feet. The trunk of the body and the shoulders pick up this

beat, smoothly, from the arms and the legs. The whole body, in effect, becomes synchronized to the rhythm in which the various parts will be working exclusively together during the swing.

If you take full advantage of the opportunity the waggle affords, you can practically rehearse the swing you'll be using. I know that I have sometimes concentrated so hard on the shot I was going to hit that I honestly felt the shot could not fail to come off exactly as I intended. On those occasions I had the definite sensation that I had really hit the shot before I even started my club back.

In the waggle, the left hand is the controlling hand. The right works along with the left. EACH TIME YOU WAGGLE THE CLUB BACK, THE RIGHT ELBOW SHOULD HIT THE FRONT PART OF YOUR RIGHT HIP, JUST ABOUT WHERE YOUR WATCH POCKET IS. WHEN THIS TAKES PLACE, THE LEFT ELBOW, AS IT MUST, COMES OUT SLIGHTLY. THE LOWER PART OF THE ARM FROM THE ELBOW DOWN ROTATES A LITTLE, AND THE LEFT HAND MOVES THREE INCHES OR SO PAST THE BALL TOWARD THE TARGET. AS THE HANDS MOVE BACK TO THE BALL ON THE FORWARD WAGGLE, THE LEFT HAND ALSO MOVES AN INCH OR TWO PAST THE BALL TOWARD THE TARGET. During the waggle, the upper part of the arms remain extended against the sides of the chest. As we stated earlier, there should be no turning of the shoulders.

When a good golfer is going through his waggle, to the uninitiated eye it sometimes looks as if he were simply getting the kinks out of his system or finding a sure foothold with his spikes. He is, as I have described, doing something far more purposeful than that. He's adjusting to the shot, establishing his coordination in the process. He is, in effect, conducting an instinctive roll call of the parts of the body he will be using, alerting them and re-



freshing their memory of the movements they'll be making during the swing.

The rhythm of the waggle varies with each shot you play. DON'T GROOVE YOUR WAGGLE. IT TAKES INSTINCT TO PLAN AND PLAY A GOLF SHOT, AND YOUR PREPARATIONS FOR EACH SHOT MUST BE DONE INSTINCTIVELY. Let's say, for example, that you're 130 yards out from a semipalmated



During the waggle the shoulders do not turn, on the actual swing they do. The hands, arms and the shoulders start to move almost simultaneously on the backswing.

green. You've decided that you want to get the ball well up in the air in a steep trajectory, and that you'll be playing a seven-iron. You want to strike the shot firmly, as goes without saying, but you want to hit a soft, leathery kind of shot that will float down onto the green. Well, you'll waggle somewhat slowly, somewhat softly. This is the tempo you will also be using on the stroke, of course. Say, on the other hand, that you're got to bang a drive low into the wind on a hole where it's important to be out a good distance from the tee to get home in two. For this shot, you'll move the club back and forth with much more briskness, more conviction, more speed. And you'll swing that way. The waggle, in other words, fits the shot.

The waggle gives the golfer a running start. It blends right into the backswing. For all general points and purposes, the backswing is simply an extension of the way the golfer takes the club back on the waggle. The club follows that same path and it is swung back at the speed the waggle has regulated. There is, however, one significant difference between the waggle and the backswing which must be made crystal-clear. DURING THE WAGGLE, THE SHOULDERS DO NOT TURN. ON THE ACTUAL SWING, THEY DO, RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE BACKSWING. THE BACKSWING IS, IN FACT, INITIATED BY THE ALMOST SIMULTANEOUS MOVEMENT OF THE HANDS, ARMS AND SHOULDERS. Introducing the shoulders does not alter the pattern you set up in the waggle. By turning your shoulders on your actual backswing, you simply increase the arc of your waggle.

Throughout this series we have placed special emphasis on the fact that the golf swing is, in principle, a continuous chain of actions. Like the component parts of the engine

of an automobile, the component parts of the swing fuse together and work together in a purposeful sequence. As each component performs its part of the operation, it sets up the proper operation of the other components with which it is connected. I bring this up at this particular point, for if a golfer clearly grasps the interrelationship of the hands, arms, shoulders and hips, he will play good golf—he can't help but play good golf.

ON THE BACKSWING, THE ORDER OF MOVEMENT GOES LIKE THIS: HANDS, ARMS, SHOULDERS, HIPs. (On the downswing the order is just reversed: hips, shoulders, arms, hands.) On the backswing, the hands, arms, and shoulders start to move almost simultaneously. ACTUALLY, THE HANDS START THE CLUBHEAD BACK A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE ARMS START BACK, AND THE ARMS BEGIN THEIR MOVEMENT A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE SHOULDERS BEGIN TO TURN. AS A GOLFER ACQUIRES FEEL AND RHYTHM THROUGH PRACTICE, THE HANDS, ARMS AND SHOULDERS WILL INSTINCTIVELY TIE IN ON THIS SPLIT-SECOND SCHEDULE. The main point for the novice is to know that they do start back as closely together that their action is unified.

On the backswing the shoulders are always ahead of the hips as they turn. The shoulders start turning immediately. The hips do not. JUST BEFORE YOUR HANDS REACH HIP LEVEL, THE SHOULDERS, AS THEY TURN, AUTOMATICALLY START PULLING THE HIPs AROUND. AS THE HIPs BEGIN TO TURN, THEY PULL THE LEFT LEG IN TO THE RIGHT. Now let us examine these actions in closer detail.

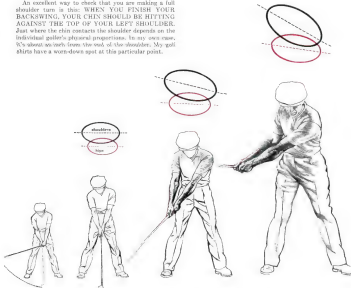
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THE SHOULDERS. You want to turn the shoulders as far around as they'll go. (Your head, of course, remains stationary.) When you have turned your shoulders all the way, your back should face squarely toward your target. (Sam Snead, who is gifted with an unusually supple frame, can turn his back a shade further around than this. This is fine. The more you can turn your shoulders, the better.) Most golfers think that they make a full shoulder turn going back and they would challenge you if you claimed they didn't, but the truth is that few golfers really complete their shoulder turn. They stop turning when the shoulders are about halfway around; then, in order to get the clubhead all the way back, they break the left arm. This is really a false backswing. It isn't any backswing at all. A golfer can't have control of the club or start down into the ball with any power or speed unless his left arm is straight to begin with. When he bends his left arm, he actually performs only a half swing and he forfeits half his potential power. More than this, he then is led into making many exhausting extra movements that accomplish nothing for him.

An excellent way to check that you are making a full shoulder turn is this: **WHEN YOU FINISH YOUR BACKSWING, YOUR CHIN SHOULD BE HITTING AGAINST THE TOP OF YOUR LEFT SHOULDER.** Just where the chin contacts the shoulder depends on the individual golfer's physical proportions. In my own case, it's about an inch from the end of the shoulder. My golf shirts have a worn-down spot at this particular point.

THE HIPS. Turning the hips too soon is an error countless golfers make, and it's a serious error. It destroys your chance of obtaining the power a correctly integrated swing gives you. As you begin the backswing, you must restrain your hips from moving until the turning of the shoulders starts to pull the hips around.

Some prominent gaffers advocate taking a big turn with the hips. I don't go along with this. If the hips are turned too far around, then you can create no tension in the muscles between the hips and the shoulders. A golfer wants to have this tension; he wants the mid-section of his body to be tightened up, for this tension is the key to the whole downswing. The downswing, you see, is initiated by turning the hips back to the left. When you have this stored-up tension in the muscles between the hips and the shoulders (and in the muscles of the thighs that work with the hips), you have something with which you can begin the downswing. (This tension will, in fact, automatically help to pull you down into the ball.) As the hips turn back to the left, this turning motion increases their tension. **IT IS THIS INCREASED TENSION THAT UNWINDS THE UPPER PART OF THE BODY. IT UNWINDS**



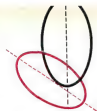
On the backswing the correct order of movement is hands, arms, shoulders, hips. In this sequence the golfer is shown

sitting, returning to address, and then swinging to the top of his backswing. Each drawing emphasizes the parts of

THE SHOULDERS, THE ARMS AND THE HANDS IN THAT ORDER, THE CORRECT ORDER. IT HELPS THE SWING SO MUCH IT MAKES IT ALMOST AUTOMATIC. Your shoulders, arms and hands enter into the swing just when and as they should. They're already loaded with the tension (and power) they've stored up. They're all set to release it.

When the hips are turned back to the left, this tightens the muscles between the hips and the shoulders just a notch

continued



the body which are actively functioning at that particular stage of the backswing. The diagram above each drawing

denotes the relative amount of turn of the shoulders and hips at each of these progressive stages of the backswing

move—something like the way a fellow gives each lug that little extra tightening twist when he's changing a tire. Maximum tension in the muscles between the hips and the shoulders produces maximum speed. The tighter the tension in these muscles, the faster the upper part of the body will unwind (as the hips turn) and transfer its speed to the arms and the hands. It gives the upper part of the body a running start. This is the speed that ultimately produces clubhead speed, and clubhead speed is what produces distance.

Now, returning to the backswing, I think you may understand more clearly just why it is so important to have this tension, this stretching of the muscles, that results from turning your shoulders as far as they can go and retarding the hips. It's the difference in the amount of turn between the shoulders and hips that sets up this muscular tension. If the hips were turned as much as the shoulders, there'd be no tightening up at all.

THE LEGS. When the hips enter the swing, as they are turned they pull the left leg in. The left knee breaks in to the right, the left foot rolls in to the right on the inside part of the sole, and what weight there is on the left leg rides on the inside ball of the foot. **LET ME CAUTION YOU AGAINST LIFTING THE LEFT HEEL TOO HIGH OFF THE GROUND ON THE BACKSWING. IF THE HEEL STAYS ON THE GROUND—FINE. IF IT COMES UP AN INCH OFF THE GROUND—FINE.** No higher than that, though—it will only lead to faulty balance and other undesirable complications.

The body and the legs move the feet. **LET THEM MOVE THE FEET.** As regards the left heel, how much the left knee breaks in on the backswing determines how much the heel comes up. I never worry about the left heel. Whether it comes off the ground a half inch or a quarter of an inch or remains on the ground as a result of my body and leg action on the backswing—this is of no importance at all. I pay no attention to it.

As regards the right leg, it should maintain the same position it had at address, the same angle in relation to the ground, throughout the backswing. That is one of the checks the average golfer should make when he's warming up and when he's on the course. When you have a stable right leg and the right knee remains pointed in a

line, it prevents the leg from sagging and swaying out to the right and carrying the body along with it.

There is one other aspect of this first part of the swing that we should take up at this time: the plane. Over the period I've been in golf, oceans of words have been devoted to the arc of the swing but only the merest trickle to the plane. This is unfortunate, for in the dynamics of the golf swing the plane is extremely important, far more important than the arc.

What precisely is this plane? To begin with, there are two planes in the golf swing, the plane of the backswing and the plane of the downswing. As the drawings will delineate, the plane of the backswing—which is all we will concern ourselves with in this chapter—is most simply described as an angle of inclination running from the ball to the shoulders. The pitch of the angle is determined by two factors: the height of the individual's shoulders and the distance he stands from the ball at address.

On the backswing, the plane serves the golfer as sort of a three-dimensional road map. **HIS SHOULDERS SHOULD ROTATE ON THIS PLANE, CONTINUOUSLY INCLINED AT THE SAME ANGLE (WITH THE BALL) THEY ESTABLISHED AT ADDRESS.** En route from address to the top of the backswing, **THE ARMS AND HANDS (AND THE CLUB) SHOULD ALSO REMAIN ON THIS SAME ANGLE OF INCLINATION AS THEY SWING BACK.** (Use your left arm as your guide.) When your shoulders, arms and hands follow the appointed route the plane sets up, it insures you that your upper body and arms will be correctly inter-aligned when they reach that crucial point where the backswing ends and the downswing begins. Then, when the downswing is inaugurated by the hips and the turning hips unwind the upper part of the body, the shoulders and then the arms and then the hands flow easily and powerfully into the swing. In other words, by staying on his backswing plane, the player pre-groups his forces so that each component is correctly geared to work with the other components on the downswing. The energy of the hips, shoulders, arms, and hands will be released in that correct order, and the perfect chain action results. He can put everything he has into the shot. He can obtain maximum distance and accuracy. All powered up to begin with and generating immense power as the downswing accelerates, he has no need to try and manufacture some power somehow with some last-ditch swing-wrecking effort, as poor golfers are forced to do. This kind of misplaced effort produces very little in the way of distance and damages direction left and right. It makes golf a frustrating game—you get so little in return for the energy you put into your shots. However, for the golfer with a correct swing who pre-arranges his chain action by staying on his backswing plane and storing his power properly, golf is a tremendous pleasure. He reaps the full rewards for the effort he pours into it.

There is no such thing as an absolute and standard plane for all golfers. The correct angle for each person's plane depends on how he is built. A fellow whose legs are proportionately shorter than his arms, for example, necessarily creates a shallow angle for his plane. At the other extreme, a man whose legs are proportionately longer than his arms sets up a very steep angle for himself. Neither plane, let me repeat, is incorrect. Technically, it is wrong to term the man who properly swings on a shallow plane a "flat swinger," or the man who properly swings on a steep plane an "upright swinger," simply because their planes happen to be flatter or more upright than the plane of



Golfer can check stability of his right leg by marking the angle at address with club, then noting if angle of the club changes when he practices backswing motion

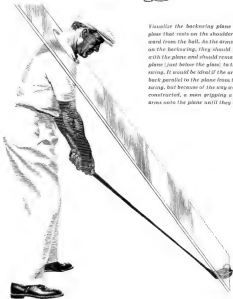
the man of more average proportions. However, if any golfer permits his arms and his club to drop well below his established plane, then, whether he normally possesses a shallow or steep or an average plane, he would be swinging too flat. Similarly, if he keeps his club above the line of his plane, he would be swinging too upright.

Perhaps the best way to visualize what the plane is and how it influences the swing is to imagine that, as the player stands before the ball at address, his head sticks out through a hole in an immense pane of glass that rests on his shoulders as it inclines upward from the ball. If he executes his backswing properly, as his arms are approaching hip level, they should be parallel with the plane and they should remain parallel with the plane, just beneath the glass, till they reach the top of the backswing. At the top of his backswing, his left arm should be extended at the exact same angle (to the ball) as the glass. Actually, his left arm would brush against the glass. As for his shoulders, as they turn on the backswing, the top of the shoulders will continuously be brushing against the glass.

Continued



The backswing plane runs from the ball through the shoulders



Visualize the backswing plane as a large pane of glass that rests on the shoulders as it inclines upward from the ball. As the arms approach hip level on the backswing, they should be seeing parallel with the plane and should remain parallel with the plane (just below the glass) to the top of the backswing. It would be ideal if the arms could be swung back parallel to the plane from the very start of the swing, but because of the way we human beings are constructed, a man gripping a club can't get his arms onto the plane until they are nearly hip high.

As golf faults go, it is not too injurious if your club and arms travel on a plane a little flatter than the ideal one. HOWEVER, YOU ARE HEADING FOR DISASTER IF YOU THRUST YOUR ARMS UP ABOVE THE PLANE SO THAT THEY WOULD SMATTER THE PANE OF GLASS. Poor golfers make this error at any and all stages of the backswing, but it occurs most commonly when they are nearing the top of the backswing. Then, when their hands are about shoulder high, they suddenly lift their arms almost vertically towards the sky—crash! goes the glass . . . and their shot. They conclude the backswing on an entirely different and far more upright plane, with their hands and forearms and elbows pretzled all over the place. Hopelessly out of position, they struggle to right themselves on the downswing. Invariably, they can't and they mis-hit the ball in every conceivable way and in all directions. There are quite a few fairly talented golfers who also make this mistake of looping their arms above the plane as they approach the top of the backswing. It explains their frequent erratic spells. They cannot groove their compensations, and they make errors on both sides of the fairway.



Drawings above and below demonstrate that the arms and club remain below the plane in all stages of backswing



The training exercise is a half-swing back and forth. Back

If you can devote a half hour a day this week to practicing the backswing I'm sure you will find that you will begin to assimilate the correct movements much more quickly than you think. And you will be far enough advanced to extract maximum profit when we move on next week to study the second part of the swing.

Practice the waggle—perhaps 10 minutes a day. In this connection, I'd like to add one contingent thought. When the average player gets ready to hit a shot, some days, purely by accident, he does one or two key things correctly. He hasn't the faintest idea what these key things are, but he does them and consequently he plays quite well. On most days, however—on nearly all days, for that matter—he feels very uncomfortable and unconfident as he addresses the ball and he is completely baffled when he tries to figure out the remedies that will give him that sense of rightness. "I just don't have it today," he rationalizes in his bewilderment. "I just can't feel a thing." Well, he's got it that day. If he checks his grip and stance and waggles properly, he'll feel that he's got it and he'll be able to use it.

A second thing I recommend you practice is a training exercise that's designed to school a golfer to entrust his swing not to his hands but to his arms and body. Start in





and forth, back and forth, the body swings the arms like a pendulum of a clock. The elbows remain tightly glued to the sides

the position of address with the upper part of your arms and your elbows glued to the sides of your chest. Exaggerate this adhesion, if anything. With your arms held as stiff as the pendulum of a clock, have the turning of the body swing the arms back about halfway to the top of the backswing, then swing them forward about halfway to the finish of the follow-through . . . back and forth, back and forth, breaking your left knee and right elbow on your half-swing back, breaking your right knee on your half-swing forward and, later, the left elbow. As you continue to do this, you will get the feeling that you are swinging with the hips, that the body is swinging the club. The effect of this exercise is to exaggerate a fundamental fact and feeling you want to have about the full golf swing: **THE ACTION OF THE ARMS IS MOTIVATED BY THE MOVEMENTS OF THE BODY, AND THE HANDS CONSCIOUSLY DO NOTHING BUT MAINTAIN A FIRM GRIP ON THE CLUB.**

Last but not least, practice the complete backswing. Try to visualize your proper plane and to keep your arms traveling on that plane as you swing the club back. Quite a few of my friends have told me that once they got the idea of the plane into their heads, it worked wonders for them. Like nothing else, it got them out of their old bad

habits and made the correct movements come so naturally they could hardly believe it.

I can believe it. I really never felt that my own backswing was satisfactorily grooved, or could be satisfactorily grooved, until I began to base my backswing on this concept of the plane. Up to that time—this was in 1938—I had been struggling along with a backswing that was a lot less uniform and, consequently, a lot less dependable than I wanted it to be. I began to wonder whether or not I could find a set "slot" for the club to hit at the top of the backswing. Then, if I could swing the club into the slot on every swing—well, that would solve my problem of inconsistency.

I began to think more and more about the golfer's plane. After some experimentation, I found to my enormous relief that, if I swung back along this plane, my club would, in effect, be traveling up a set slot throughout my backswing, on swing after swing. If it did that, at the top of the backswing plane it was bound to hit the end of this set slot, on swing after swing. I practiced swinging on this plane and started to gain confidence that my backswing was reliable. It helped my whole swing, my whole game, my whole attitude. I can honestly say that for the first time I then began to think that I could develop into a golfer of true championship caliber.

NEXT WEEK:

THE SECOND PART OF THE SWING

In presenting Lesson No. 4 in the April 1 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Ben Hogan writes:

The plane for the downswing is more steeply inclined and is oriented with the ball quite differently from the backswing plane. The golfer gets on this second plane when he turns his hips back to the left at the start of the downswing. This moves his body to the left and automatically lowers the right shoulder. In introducing the backswing plane,

we suggested that the golfer-reader imagine that at address his head is sticking out through a hole in an immense pane of glass that rests on his shoulders as it slants up from the ball. Now, on the downswing, as the body moves to the left and the right shoulder is automatically lowered, this causes the pane of glass to shift into a different position. . . .

**Continue Lesson No. 4
in next week's issue**

THE GOLFING LOOK

The average American golfer can now dress with the style and color of the pros. Here's how to do it

by Jo ARRY and FRED R. SMITH



"SKANTS," with front and back patches attached to side seams. \$16, Lee Co., gives Mrs. Robert Pierce room to swing.



GULLERS-POCKET comes off waistline slacks \$14, McGraw; worn by Heichel Collins with golf moccasins. \$29, Bass.

On the preceding pages, golfers have just had from Ben Hogan another lesson on improving their game. On this and the following pages there is news for them of the very newest way to dress for the game—not only because, as their game improves, players will want to look better playing it, but because these clothes have some very real and important functional contributions to make to their wearers.

The American golfing look (as demonstrated in these color photographs at Pasadena's Armandale Country Club, and elsewhere on these pages at the Paradise Valley Club near Phoenix) follows the style developed by professional golfers. In the beginning, the pros had to have all their clothes custom made. They wanted colorful apparel that would identify them. To achieve this they went to what seemed bizarre extremes—gloves were the same color as their shoes; caps carefully complemented shirts and slacks.

The pro also developed details in construction which were of considerable value to his game. There were, for instance, the hi-wing, pleats set into the shoulders of jackets; waist-adjusting trousers with high-cut backs that cling closely to the body; long short-tails that didn't pull out; absorbent, sturdy knits for shirts; slim, light-weight caps that shaded the sun; bell-sleeved alpaca raincoats that did not have to be pulled over the head as the day warmed up. They eventually even got a golf shoe as much as a gourd lighter. This year, all of these custom features developed by the pros are available in ready-made clothing priced for the average player.

Included in this group is the woman

golfer, who has not had an easy time finding these same details in feminine versions. Where she has had to, she has borrowed ideas and clothing from the men; she has made Bermuda shorts a uniform on the golf course, she has said "tee-tee" to knitted sport-shirts, alpaca raincoats, and aerosol-styled windbreakers. This year, truly for the first time, she will have a good selection of golf clothes designed especially for her. She has said that she wants beauty as well as functionality; and this is realized through handsome, easy-care fabrics and through tailoring that stands up to the rigors of the game and keeps her presentable for the season at the 19th hole.

Many of these ideas, proved first by men, are adapted to fit women's preferences. The boy cap is slimmer down. The famous LaCoste shirt, which first appeared last year in women's sizes, is now available in a sleeveless version which eliminates the problem of sun-tan marks. Wind- and water-resistant poplin jackets are styled by women's-wear manufacturers—one style even incorporates the high-fashion Bakelite-cinched blouse.

Most of the golf clothes on these pages (not every style is available at every store) can be found at the following stores: L. S. AYRES, BIRMINGHAM; BROWN'S STORE, MILWAUKEE; CARSON, PIERCE, SCOTT & CO., CHICAGO; DAYTON CO., MINNEAPOLIS; FRIST BROTHERS, SAN ANTONIO; HERRING, CLEVELAND; JOHNS HORN CO., PITTSBURGH; REED'S, FLORIDA AND KNOXVILLE; ROSS BROTHERS, CALIFORNIA; SHERBORN & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA. For 1966's clothes: GARY SANDER'S, DALLAS; RTV, BAE & FULLER, ST. LOUIS.

SUNDAY BEST: Betty Daniels in silk blazer (\$22), sleeveless shirt (\$23), Dacron-sweat shirt (\$14, all Glen of Michigan); and Dan Daniels in Ray-Ban (\$14.50, Polar Beach), LaCoste (\$39.49, bond) and alpaca raincoat (\$57.99, David Clutch).



REVERSIBLE JACKET \$22.50, Wilbur & Ginger has a reversible rayon jacket, is of water-repellent vinyl cotton, slate blue on one side, ivory on the other. Trim cap is rubber—\$5, Skatzen.



KILTE SHOE \$27.50, Dr-Sole Company is a lightweight black and white wingtip golf shoe. \$2.50, foot are lined of stretchable wool and nylon, have padded heel/soles, striped trim.



GOLF GLOVES \$5 for single gloves, Champion are made of soft ripstop, designed for a fully snug fit and have ventilating holes. They come in many colors for coordinating with other apparel.

WALKING SHIRT \$28, Glen of Michigan has a long pleated, water-repellent shirt and made of the same fabric. Red shoes (\$15, K. E. Taylor) are worn with stretchable tan socks \$6.99, Tricot.





TOWEL LOOP on back of Bermuda shorts, inset action-back on shirt are functional details of the check gingham outfit worn here by Mrs. William LaFollette. \$26, by Louise Sarge for L'Espresso.

LINEN KNICKERS in new, slim version are practical for damp weather in spring or fall. \$26.38, Currier & LeRoux. With them, Bessie Collins wears an Aertex pullover shirt. \$8, Barthelme.



ACTION BACK (left), convenient for Mrs. Peters. \$11, Bell & Ross. (middle, top) \$8, Bonnier. Mrs. Dick Norton wears (bottom left) \$5, White Stag. (right) Aertex shirt. \$8, Lady Hartman.



NEW JACKETS have free-encircling construction: Collins' Aertex pullover. \$12, Zeta King. (left) King's has knit trim, Robert Balfour's blowing-shoulder model adjusts at waist. \$12, White Stag-Baranov.



SLEEVELESS DRESS of cotton and silk, \$10.95, is \$10.95. (left) \$10.95, (right) \$10.95. Mrs. Peters. Mr. Peter Hillman wears (bottom left) \$10.95, (right) \$10.95. (left) \$10.95, (right) \$10.95.

THE GOING LOOK continued



TERRY TOWEL shirt made of terry and cotton shorts \$16, worn with belted Thompson's trousers, American Gothic.



GOLFER'S SHORTS New Zealand, 100% tube \$10.99, MerrillBergor; golf shirt polyester/cotton/cashmere \$10, Purine.



OXFORD SHIRT composed of white cotton fabric or blends with V-neckline, open-neckline. Knee cap \$4, Hudson's, Mr. Kaufmann.



PLAID-LINED JACKET 100% cotton, polyester, 100% waterproof, pocket \$67, Hanes; Gutter's Edge cap made of wool \$10, Hanes.



SLEEVELESS VERSION of famous LaCorte shirt \$17.50, is worn by Mrs. Pierce with Arad Samuel shorts \$12, both Haymors.



RAIN JACKET, cap of clear plastic fold up in flat pocket. Mrs. Gillham also has matching golf skirt \$19 complete, U.S. Rubbers.



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ROOKIES OF 1957

Some 250 of them invaded the southern training camps.
Sports Illustrated's baseball staff here selects 10 of the best

THIS SPRING there are 434 rookies on the rosters of the 18 major league clubs. Of those, 225 are classified as rookies, according to the generally accepted definition of the word. A rookie, that is to say, is any player who has not had more than 15 days of big-league service in the previous year.

Once the baseball season gets fully under way, the total number of players available on the major league rosters is reduced to 400—a limit of 25 players to each team, not counting a scattering of reserve players who are never expected to be carried on the rosters as surplus for one year.

Placed in the 225 players who must be dropped by opening day are rookies and veterans alike, who managers, in survival games, try to keep and retain on a major league roster is an extraordinary accomplishment. Once lost, a manager, for reasons, he is something of a wonder. If he blossoms into a star—well, obviously, it's an actual opinion.

Yet some rookies do it every year, defeating the odds of probability with tremendous effort and occasional magic, getting to the top of the team's marauding road into the sun. Wally Moon, the

St. Louis Cardinals outfielder, wasn't even on the Cardinal roster in the spring of 1954, and yet he did so well that he forced the Cardinals to sell the sainted Russ Skaggs to make room for him. Just last season the unheralded Frank Robinson of the Cincinnati Redlegs, who had been a semi-armed outfielder in a Class A minor league the previous year, did much the same thing and ended up, as Moon did, with the title Rookie of the Year. Tom Kufeldt of the New York Yankees, who is discussed below, may prove to be another of the string of exceptional boys. For it was taken that anyone, even after a spring training starter's performance, is approachable to be the best of all the rookies. You can make a jump.

Of those who have 250 rookies competing, 100 are considered to be the best of the best, and of the 10, it will be remarkable if they develop into thoroughly reliable major leaguers. These 100 are the most remarkable of the season, the fortunate few who have either exceptional talent, like Bourque, or the exceptional opportunity, like Bourque. This, then, is offered as a scratch sheet. These are the best bets.



ED BOUCHEE
PHILADELPHIA, 10



JIM LANDIS, LF

This fine defensive outfielder with a strong arm was never noted for his batting ability—52 with Memphis last year—but he has started everyone with his sensational slugging this spring. White Sox Manager Al Lopez hopes that, at 21, the California-born, 6-foot-11-inch, 200-pounder, 20-year-old Jim will be a star in the big leagues. He has been named to third base in order to make room for him.



BOB ANDERSON, P

At 21 he could become the complete full-time relief specialist in the majors. A star reliever at Los Angeles last year (12 wins, 28 saves) after one full season in the minors, he will be used in some capacity on the Cubs. Big 6-foot-11 inches, 207 pounds and strong, he has ball and good control should be rough on firing National League batters when he appears in the late innings.



RAY WOBOR SULLIVAN, C

This 21-year-old catcher, with San Francisco last year, batted .296 with 77 RBIs, and with his right-handed power he should lead the Red Sox's short left field wall attack to his liking. In 1956 he ran, hit, and threw with a 6-foot-4-inch, 210-pounder with amazing speed. His area of confidence could lead sportsmen to lead and position Red Sox.



This forty-three-year-old left-handed, right-handed, right-handed pitcher has won three Cy Young Awards (1969, 1974, 1975) and 164 RBIs with the Orioles last year. His excellent eye for strike zone and therefore walks a lot. Pronounce his name: Broo-sing.



BROOKS ROBINSON, 38

Only 19 with but a year and a half of pro ball behind him, he is left against George Kell at Robinson's third base. Lean and fast, with average speed and arm, he is known for his ability to slide into bases and hit the ball away quickly. "There's little I can teach him," Robinson's old manager said only 272 at San Antonio in 1956, the big question he can be hit in the major?

CONTINUED



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ROOKIES OF 1957 continued



ANDRE RODGERS, 55

Just a few years ago he was playing school-boy cricket in his native Natal. Tall (6 feet 3 inches) and rangy, he covers the short field with the gracefulness of the former Cardinal star Marty Marion, whom many baseball people compare him to. His strong, riflelike throws from deep in the hole at

short have impressed all who have seen him in spring training. He hit with power in the minors (49 home runs in last two seasons) and has continued to show this power in preseason exhibition games. He could add punch to a weak-hitting Giant infield and help ease Willie Mays' batting burden.





JUAN PIZARRO, P

Baseball men have described this 19-year-old left-hander from Puerto Rico as another Herb Soren. His fast ball is overpowering, his curve ball sharp and, most surprising, considering his single year in organized ball, he has developed remarkable pitching poise. He was 24 games with Jacksonville last season, struck out 318 and had a 1.77 ERA, and in view of the aspirin tablets he has been throwing at bottom this spring Milwaukee may decide to keep him despite their plethora of outstanding pitchers.

DOH LEE, P

The son of the former White Sox 30-game winner Thornton Lee, he has a big major league head start due to his father's early coaching. A right-hander—unlike his father—he pitched U. of Arizona to NCAA finals last June, then went straight into Class A ball (7-3, 2.31 ERA at Augusta). Big (6 feet 4 inches, 200 pounds) and mean on the mound, with paleo beyond his 21 years, he throws hard and has a good side arm curve. Control is excellent. Looked impressive in Detroit's early exhibition games in Florida.

CONTINUED

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ROOKIES OF 1957 continued



TONY KUBER, LF

Here is this year's most published Yankee rookie. Twenty-one years old, tall (6 feet 3 inches) and broad-shouldered, he was Rookie of Year in American Association last year when he batted .303 for Dayton. A good middle-fielder with very quick hands, but may be used in left field where Yankees are "weak." Lacks power at plate, but smooth swing, produces fine drives to all fields.



ROGER MARIS, LF

Here is the youth who could add needed speed to a lead-footed Cleveland offense. Extremely fast, he can burn—or pull the long ball to right. His .293 BA and 75 RBI at Indianapolis last year do not show his usefulness in the clutch. Moved up from Class C to Triple A in four years and, at 22, improving all the time. Has strong, precise arm and wide range in outfield.

FIRST CAR driven by Shelby was no Honda, but he shortly found faster locomotion. At 4 the Texas was more concerned with a homemade pipe. Childhood activity was curtailed by a southern heart condition.



THE GENTLE LEADFOOT

by KENNETH RUDEEN

Carroll Shelby is America's hottest driver and principal hope at Sebring. Behind the homespun facade is a perceptive man

MAMA, would you say the blessing?" As he inclined his head and listened to the words murmured by his attractive brunette wife Jeanne, Carroll Hall Shelby was, for a rare moment, perfectly still. The laugh wrinkles around his eyes were smoothed; his strong plainsman's face was grave. It was too early now to be concentrating on Sebring. The business at hand was breakfast—scrambled eggs, bacon and biscuits. Shelby put away a bite of eggs.

"You know," he told his visitor, "when I'm driving a racing car I feel that I don't have a problem in the world. I haven't even tried to analyze why I do it. I guess there is just something there—a certain challenge."

That challenge had earned Shelby a far piece from the piney woods of east Texas, where he was born as Leeland on January 11, 1923. Leeburg had then, as now, a population of 150. Shelby had long since left the white frame house of his Leeburg boyhood, and now he sat in his own big, comfortable brick home in the pleasant University Park section of Dallas.

He got up from the breakfast table and walked into his Texas-sized den, tossed a glance at the clutter of trophies there and stretched out on a Texas-sized couch. He picked up

a cigaret lighter, flicked it, choked the flame and repeated the motions sporadically.

"I guess you could say I've always liked to go fast," he said with a grin. "My parents were pretty strict—no liquor or tobacco, church every Sunday—but my dad liked to go fast, too. He was a rural mail carrier—drove a 1928 Whippet to deliver the mail—and I started to ride along with him as soon as I was old enough, egging him on to go faster. He didn't need much urging."

"We moved to Dallas when I was 6. I still remember that trip—120 miles and the Whippet flew all the way. I sat in the front seat needing Dad to speed up. At top speed—that was 55 to 60—we passed everything on the road."

"When I was 7 I started having a leakage of the heart. After that I was in bed most of the time, except for school, until I was 14. By that time I had outgrown it."

Shelby walked into the kitchen.

"Mama, would you bring some coffee?"

Jeanne Shelby poured two cups, and her husband settled back, sipping.

"Back in 1938 I had a Willys that dad gave me because I beat it up as much he didn't want it any more. I raced everybody who wanted to race. I used to take that Willys down to a

railroad yard and drive it over a hump at 70 mph. One night the police caught me. They took me home to my daddy, and after that I didn't drive for six months."

Shelby put down his cup and saucer and chuckled at a sudden memory.

"You should have seen me in April of 1941 when I enlisted in the Air Corps. I was only 5 feet 2 and weighed about 100 pounds. I had to eat a dozen bananas just to pass the physical. In the next year, though, I grew seven or eight inches." (Shelby is now 6 feet tall; he weighs about 160 pounds.)

"In four years in the service the farthest I got from Texas was Denver. I drove a crash truck at Randolph Field for a while. Then I learned how to fly and became a flying sergeant. A few months later, in December of 1942, I was commissioned. I spent most of the war flying twin-engine training planes for bombardiers, but toward the end I was an engineering officer and test pilot."

The war years were significant for Shelby in several ways. He was going fast. Sunday afternoon could be purged by taking out a plane and buccing the antelope on a number of vast Texas ranches, an activity that did not endear Shelby to his superiors; he

continued

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CARROLL SHELBY

continued

married Jeanne Fields, a former school-mate and the daughter of a well-to-do independent oilman; and he dressed steel again that he was lucky. "There he had some trouble in the car—once he was forced to bellyland a disabled plane and once he bailed out of a plane that caught fire—but was not injured.

After the war, Shelby went into a trucking and ready-mixed-concrete business with a boyhood chum named Barney London, who, now an oilman's pilot, remains his closest friend. Two years later he began a short, unhappy episode of roughnecking in his father-in-law's field. "I didn't like it—everyday lives and the monotony of it." Subsequently, he got out of a children's business, too, when he lost 40,000 of 70,000 brokers in three days.

Shelby lunged to his feet.

"Say, doesn't that coffee make you nervous? Let's go over to Burney Russell's."

As we got into his station wagon, Shelby grinned at a small sticker on the inside of the windshield, which read, "ACTION—NO NOT RLY." He did not fly the 30 miles to Burney Russell, who lived in Fort Worth and turned out to be a highly regarded local sports car mechanic. A car Shelby was going to return to Florida and Cuba had come through from California the night before; he wanted to check it out before it

and wheels that would be sent from Russell's place later.

After a Harvard Johnson's sandwich and the short ride home, Shelby passed out. He picked up a pair of shoes—inside and shoes and trousers. "I'll have the puttest feet in the raffia. . . . Well, the first time I really got involved in racing after the war was in May of 1955. I saw my friend El Todd in a little MG one day and told him to come around to the house. He let me drive the car in a race at Norman, Okla. That was my first sports car race, and I won it. In those days I didn't know anything about style or technique; I just drove. All I'd ever done in the racing line was to drive right up a few times."

In the next year, Shelby, who has never owned a sports car himself, won a number of minor Sports Car Club of America races. When the SCCA in 1964 class four U.S. drivers to compete for the Kimberly Cup against four Argentinians in the big sports car race at Buenos Aires, Shelby joined Phil Hill, Minton Gregory, and Bob Said on the American team. Shelby was the cop with the by then very tired Cadillac-Allard of Ray Cherrymans, a Texas carter and frequent Shelby backer.

Shelby's good showing in Argentina earned him a minor position on the English Aston Martin professional sports car team. He announced the English in his first Kinnison drive by placing second to the Le Mans winner,



"Drop the rod from your shoes outback."

Duncan Hamilton, is an Aston Martin DBMS, in an important race on the Antares course. Next, at Le Mans, co-driving a DBMS with the Belgian Paul Fier, Shelby came into the pits to check a tire; when the mechanics peeked up the car the race broke. That was it for Le Mans. In 1954, remaining 1954 European events the irrepressible Team drove well; fifth in the Supercortemaggiore class at Monza, Italy; third in an English race at Silverstone.

THE TEACHER

More important, he had come under the tutelage of John Wyer, racing manager for Aston Martin. Now he began to smooth the rough edges.

"John Wyer made fewer mistakes than anyone I've ever seen," said Shelby, flicking the lighter aflame absently. "He taught me that no wild, crazy-driving fool gets to the top. You have to plan each race and drive as you plan it. He taught me how to plan for myself."

The door opened to admit two visitors—Mr. and Mrs. Allen Guiberson. Guiberson, a wealthy Dallas oilman and automobile aficionado who shares a handsome office with Shelby, had been maneuvered into a dark suit and off to a wedding.

"Doesn't he look nice in that suit?" Marlene Guiberson asked.

"Just fine," Jeanne Shelby said.

"Where are the children?" Mrs. Guiberson inquired.

"Oh, they went to a Ford Parker movie," Mrs. Shelby said.

"So did my 7-year-old."

While the women talked woman talk, Guiberson reminisced with Shelby about the old days—in particular about the time Cannonball Baker drove cross-country while shackled to the steering wheel of a car, on behalf of C. C. Pyle. ("Cash and Carry Pyle," said Guiberson, "was the greatest proponent in the history of automobile racing.")

After the Guibersons left, the Shelby children, Sharon Ann, 12, Michael Hall, 10, and Patrick Bert, 9, came trooping in, wearing Levis.

Following brief greetings, they dispersed with Indian swiftness; Shelby picked up the lighter and his narrative.

"Remember the Pan-American road race in 1954? I was driving a little Austin-Healey on the second day, lying third over-all to [Umberto] Maglioli and [Phil] Hill. I guess I got smart-alecky. I started driving too fast, trying to catch up with the leaders, and flipped on a curve. It was just a lucky thing that I happened to go off at

a place where there was a wall along the road, because the mountain went straight down. The wall stopped the car. I shattered my right elbow in the wreck. It didn't hurt too much at the time; I guess I was in shock. But I had to lie there beside the road for six hours until all the cars went by.

"Some Indians came along and poured beer over my head to wake me up. Gave me a drink of it, too. After a couple of hours two girls from New York City came by and gave me some brandy. Can you imagine that? From New York City. They had been watching the race up ahead and came back, what another driver—I was either Walt Faulkner or Bill Vukovich—stopped and told them about the accident. After all that I got the dampest ride of my life in a Mexican ambulance, going down to the hospital at Puebla.

"I drove my next four races with my arm in a cast. One of them was Sebring in 1955 in Allen Guiberson's Ferrari, when they told Phil and me we had won and then changed their minds right away and gave the race to the D Jague.

"My regular doctor had put a plaster of Paris cast on my arm. When I'd drive, I'd have another doctor cut off that cast and put on a lighter one. I'd put my hand on the steering wheel, and then he'd slap on a quick-drying cast made of something like Fiberglas. I paid for it, though. They had to take a bone out of my leg to rebuild my elbow. That's why my goli isn't so good any more."

Jeanne Shelby answered the doorbell and admitted Skitch Henderson, the band leader, and his former business manager, a Dallas man named Ken Moore.

"Hello, Carroll," Henderson said. "Well, what will you have for Sebring?"

"A Maserati, I think, Skitch," he answered.

"I found a good mechanic for my Lotus Eleven," Henderson said. "It really goes now. I should be able to race it at Cucumberland [Md.] in May."

"Just how fast will that Lotus of Skitch's go, Carroll?" Moore queried.

"Oh, 135 or 140, I guess," Shelby said.

Moore registered dismay.

"They let Skitch drive a car that goes that fast—in a race? Did you ever see him drive? Remember that time, Skitch, when we were driving between jobs out west? The moonlight was as bright as the light in this room. You could see for 30 miles. All of a sudden

continued

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CARROLL SHELBY

continued

there's this deer on the highway and Skitch knocked it 3,000 feet down the road. I hate to think of all the traffic tickets we paid."

"Worth every penny," Henderson said, stroking his Vandyke beard reflectively. "Sweet penny."

Henderson and Moore left directly; Shelby sat down in the den once again.

He recalled his 1955 European season, during which he drove a Ferrari in the rugged Sicilian Targa Florio, placed sixth in his first Grand Prix car ride at Syracuse, and survived a gruesome accident in the renamed Tourist Trophy sports car race at Ulster, Northern Ireland.

"Maureen Gregory and I were driving a Porsche Spyder at Ulster. I took it out first, just moseying around, trying to get a feel for the course. On the second lap I went over the blind hill they call Deer Leap—you take off into the air for a few feet—and it looked like the road in front of me was on fire. I thought, 'Shelby, there comes a time when you do or you don't,' and just kept going. My car hit an engine that had been jolted out of one of the cars that caught fire, but I got through O.K. It just stung my eyebrows a little. I think that was the only time I was really scared in a race."

Four cars were in that accident; two drivers died in it. Shelby and Gregory, not to be dissuaded, won the 1,500-cc. class with the ragged Porsche.

In 1956 Shelby stayed in the U.S. He drove a fine race at Sebring with the Briton Ray Salvadori for Aston Martin. The gearbox rebelled after the first hour and a half, so the pair completed the remaining 10½ hours using top gear only—and still managed to gain fourth place.

THE BLITZ

Then Shelby blitzed the SCCA schedule, winning 19 races, including 18 feature events) while losing six. From Bryan Tyndys, Pa. to Palm Springs, Calif. he was almost invincible, setting records in profusion. His dashes up the slopes of Mt. Washington, Giant's Despair and the Cumberland, Md. ascent were the fastest ever.

And nearly everywhere the Texan wore the bibbed, striped carpenter's overalls that have become his homely trademark.

"I picked those up for \$3 at J. C. Penney's when I was in the chicken business," Shelby said. "They're getting pretty frayed and worn out now."

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HOLE**

THE READERS TAKE OVER

HOGAN: A LOSS MADE GOOD

Sir:

Ben Hogan and his articles ("The Grip," March 11; "Balance and Posture," March 18) have upset Charlottesville and everyone who plays golf. The University of Virginia golf team is practicing in the rain to test Ben's theories.

Personally, I think the articles contain some of the wisest thinking you have ever had. It has been our knowledge and the top players of the past have not been able to impart their knowledge in others. Now we have the greatest champion of our era giving good advice to those who will listen.

Hogan and Sports Illustrated have made a great contribution to the game of golf.

Joseph Evans,
Professional, Farmington CC
Charlottesville, Va.

HOGAN: FORD

Sir:

My husband is poked in the living room, a firm yet relaxed grip on the pistol, squaring her left unreluctable and addressing a small but valuable adversary. For goodness sake, send the swing installment so I can get her out of here. All he keeps reminding is "No let, no give!"

Mike James Parker

New York City

HOGAN: FRIENDLY PERSUASION

Sir:

CAN YOU SEND ME THE STORIES OF HOGAN'S FIRST LESSONS? I WOULD LIKE TO GIVE THEM TO THE MEMBERS OF MY CLUB.

J. J. RICHMOND

Denair, Ill.

• We will try, but copies of the first installments are hard to locate.—ED.

HOGAN: PESSIMIST

Sir:

Hogan's lessons have been clear and informative, but any thought that they will improve my game is, regrettably, a far leap.

Joan Baker Harnett

Hot Springs, Ark.

HOGAN: OPTIMIST

Sir:

Hogan, Wind and Harbottle—magnificent. But must I wait there more weeks to play in the 70s?

William P. Arnold Jr.

Annapolis, Md.

HOGAN: THE BUDDY SYSTEM

Sir:

How to lose to Ben Hogan? Hogan's lessons. Get an extra copy for a golfing friend, pick up a couple of clubs and work on it together, use man converting the other on the basis of Hogan's advice and Harbottle's drawings. I have loaned it to work beautifully.

Hogan's advice on the stance is the worst and most important advice on golf I have ever read. I have played the game for a long, long time, with a present handicap of 8 up from 2 in 1948, yet

Hogan's dicta on the position and movement of the elbow, in stance and swing are something I have never before understood. Golf is a great game because it is a cerebral game. Thinking good golf is vital to playing good golf. For that reason I doubt whether we can take Hogan too seriously when he says that he does not know why anyone who has mastered his lessons cannot play in the 70s. To play in that bracket you must be able to think and plan your round, which is an art in itself. Hogan is the greatest thinker in golf. For that reason Hogan is the greatest golfer to have known, as well as the greatest computer.

H. T. P. PARRIS

Boston

HOGAN: BIG OF THE ANSWER

Sir:

Hogan, kiss the answer to the game of golf in the fifth line of his first essay, "The Grip," 31, March 11: "Five more hundreds of thousands of shots I have hit on practice fairways."

Hogan! Hogan's fundamentals. Then he golf balls hit just as a drop of, and now, you'll really play golf as it was meant to be played.

Don Knapp

Richfield, N.C.

HOGAN: NEW MASTER

Sir:

I don't know a darn thing about golf. But I do know this: Arlen Anthony Ravich is a genius!

Martin J. Perera

New York City

HOGAN: IN DEFENSE OF NELSON

Sir:

The March 11 error of Sports Illustrated has awarded the title "greatest golfer of our time" to Ben Hogan. Greatest champion perhaps, greatest competitor the game has ever known, greatest golfer, all those things may well belong to Hogan. The title "Best swinger of a golf club" goes to Sam Snead, and the sentimentalists will always remember Babe, even in chains in the jail, also gave the name to the game because he gave the game to the people.

But the title of "greatest golfer of our time," as determined by the consistent ability to get the ball in the hole with the minimum number of strokes, belongs to Herb Nelson. 398 consecutive rounds during the years 1932-42, with a stroke average of 69.17 stands supreme in the record of golfers of all time.

Bill Givens

Rockledge, Fla.

STEELHEAD: THE DAY

Sir:

Your wonderful Mr. O'Neil's Steelhead: The Steelhead, 31, March 11, has finally explained to me fully and satisfactorily the look on my husband's face on a bitter cold February morning in 1952. That expression far surpassed in pride and pleasure the wedding-day look, the day-the-first-son-wedding look and even the look of the day of the wedding.

PAT ON THE BACK

BONNIE MENCHER

Equally at home on grass, clay or wood, this youngster with the natural big serve and strong backhand sharpens her competitive instinct by regularly practicing against the best male opposition she can find. Fifteen-year-old Bonnie Mencher is the National Girls' and Girls' 15 Indoor champion, is seeded sixth Outdoors and is thinking seriously of entering the 1967 Women's National championships, held just around the corner from her Forest Hills home.



CAROL WANEK

In the bright nebula of U.S. figure skaters no one has her eyes more firmly fixed on full stardom than this self-reliant 16-year-old from Ozone Park, N.Y. A late starter at 11, Carol soared from the U.S. Novice title in 1951 to the senior ladies' award in the Middle Atlantic championships this January. Carol adheres firmly to the rigid discipline of the figure skater, gets up at 5:30 to practice three hours before school under the critical eye of Coach Pierre Brunet. Her most cherished accomplishment is the "double Lutz," a jump of two full turns which very few amateurs have mastered.

DAVID CHURCH

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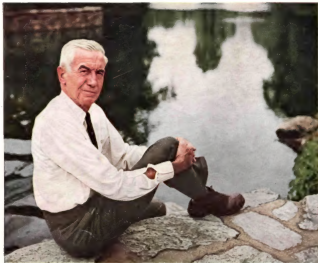
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